THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1936

THE LEAGUE IN A STORM

BY FREDERICK HAMMOND

WHEN President Wilson arrived in Europe after the Great War he was hailed by many as the prophet of a new order, and when he formulated his League of Nations his voice was like that of Moses speaking from Sinai. This was the high point of hope of peace for Western civilization. The causes of the quick disillusionment which followed are still, in Europe, not always fully understood. It is true that the American Senate refused to carry out Mr. Wilson's guarantee for France and declined to permit the United States to enter the League. Undoubtedly American partisan politics played a part in this decision ; as also did the revered precept of George Washington to " avoid entangling alliances ". But these were factors which appealed to the masses ; there was another motive which swayed the more reflective minds : this was the belief that the League of Nations was designed to defend the Treaty of Versailles and perpetuate the injustices and inequalities therein.

American statesmen and publicists, thanks to their distance from the scene, which permitted greater detachment, perceived very early what Europe is painfully learning : that the hasty determination of boundaries which transgressed racial entities and conflicted with economic currents, and the permanent limitations of the sovereign powers of various countries, promulgated in careless haste at Versailles, could not provide the foundation of a just and enduring peace. Mr. Baldwin has frequently stated that the League was weakened at the outset by the lack of American co-operation, and has as frequently expressed the hope that some day the United States would become a member of it. But there can be no hope of America joining the League, and little chance even for the continued

existence of the League as a powerful organism, until and unless it exhibits the proof of its worthiness to survive by the manifestation of its ability to punish an aggressor, and by the attainment of an elasticity which will enable it to cast off the shackles of the dead past and to adjust itself to the conditions and ideals of a changing world.

In view of the manner in which in December public opinion, clear in thought and fervent in feeling for the League of Nations, united to restore the moral prestige of England which had been jeopardized by the wavering of its statesmen, one is liable to be dismayed by the relative incoherence and disunion of British opinion in the present crisis.

And yet the present lack of unity is very natural. Public opinion in England had been educated for seventeen years by a thousand agencies to look upon the League as a brotherhood of nations united for peace. Mussolini's move against Abyssinia was an attack upon it of the most obvious and flagrant character ; an act of unprovoked aggression, and by one member of the League upon another. The betrayal of the oath of brotherhood was something that affronted every mind, whether actuated by a delicate code of honour or simply by the elementary loyalty one gives to one's own group or clan. Without attempting to palliate Hitler's coup, it was clearly of a different character. Germany did not invade the territory of another nation ; she violated a treaty, it is true, but she did not turn against a sworn companion, the weakest of the brotherhood, and attempt to murder him by every foul means known to man.

Psychologists tell us that man learns either by extensity or intensity : that is, either over a long period, or through a short period of intense concentration. England had many years to learn the moral, and presumably the political and practical, implications of the League. British public opinion, therefore, had time to become converted to the conception of the League, and, thus actuated by the motive of loyalty to their companions in a common purpose, was able in December to react definitely and immediately against the attempt to restore to good standing and to reward the betrayer of the common cause.

But up to the present England has had less than two months to think about Locarno and Germany's repudiation of it. Previous

to Hitler's coup, Locarno was to the English people as the Bible is to many persons—something "always heard highly spoken of but never read personally". Now the sudden invasion of the Rhineland, with its galvanic effect upon France, and thence upon the other European States—these things have led to that burning intensity of thought of which the Englishman is capable but seldom indulges in.

Out of this intensity of thought certain matters are already beginning to take shape in the fog. First of all, Locarno. England, to her surprise, has found that she had signed an engagement which might as easily lead to war as to peace. And while she is determined to fulfil every clear obligation, she is equally determined to find out exactly what these obligations are and to avoid, in future, anything of a similar ambiguous character.

And then of the League itself. Locarno is essentially an addendum to the Covenant of the League and to the Treaty of Versailles. British opinion is asking, for the first time, how many more obligations are intended or implied by membership in the League. The naïve, complacent acceptance of the League of Nations, with its apparently simple aim to promote peace, has been destroyed by Signor Mussolini and by Herr Hitler. The League and the Treaty of Versailles evidently lead to a variety of unknown commitments. One asks: How about Memel? How about all the controversies in the Balkans? The Polish Corridor? Austria? The Austrian and the Hungarian military reorganizations? What of the minority elements in the different Eastern European countries? In brief, if the League is to defend the Treaty of Versailles, what is England, as a member of the League, let in for?

Once in my youth I was intrigued by the philosophic thesis that the reaction against evil is more productive of human progress and happiness than the direct action of the good. From the good Emperor Charlemagne have come over a thousand years of strife; from the supposedly bad King John England received Magna Charta. Traced to its logical lair, this theory may lead to the conclusion that it is better to do evil than good. But in any event it seems clear that during the past year Mussolini and Hitler, who from the international point of view

are men of evil, have done more to stimulate the thought of England and the Continent, and to bring to the light of day dormant and dangerous ulcers in the body politic than a host of well-meaning men such as, for example, Mr. Baldwin or Mr. George Lansbury. How much good Mussolini and Hitler may have done or may still do for their own countries remains for history to determine ; but since decisive action in a democracy is dependent on public opinion, their raising of the international thought of England and France to a level of more intense activity has been of inestimable benefit. Already great problems which would some day have to be faced have been haled forth from the limbo of neglect and obscurity ; and certainly some of these had better be met frankly now rather than later, when England as well as other nations might be still more deeply committed to unwise courses.

As for the two outstanding problems which urgently press for settlement by the statesmen of Europe, it is beyond the province of a mere spectator and commentator to suggest solutions in detail or to provide determining principles. He can only hazard a few remarks regarding the issues themselves.

First, an expression of regret in respect to Locarno and Hitler's remobilization of the Rhineland. It is perhaps a pity that Napoleon was not content to establish the Eastern limit of his Empire on the Rhine and make the Western Rhineland thoroughly French. Or that Foch was not permitted by Wilson and Lloyd George to hold and fortify the Western bank of the river. Or that France, if she is determined not to yield absolutely equal rights to Germany, did not wage a preventive war three years ago, when apparently Poland was willing to co-operate. For, aside from the question of international morality which has apparently largely gone by the board, any one of these measures would probably have prevented the present crisis between Germany and France. An Englishman might well ask whether the old quarrel between Germany and France is to disturb Europe for another thousand years. But the matter is not so simple as that. The German demand for equality of status only intensifies the fear of Germany's desire for European or World Empire. France, like many another nation, made her bid for Empire and found that it did not pay. But there exists

a widespread fear that Germany is preparing to make hers. Under the present circumstances, France is the safer neighbour for England, and already Mr. Baldwin's "frontier on the Rhine" has moved not only closer to France, but appreciably nearer to England.

But what can be done about it? Apparently very little, directly. The opportunities afforded by the past are gone; and now Germany is evidently united in demanding complete equality. This means either war, or else not only the military occupation but also the fortification of the Rhineland. If France does not want war, no appeals to international law or existing treaties, however logical, will affect the *fait accompli*.

The only hope lies further ahead and in other things. English opinion places its strongest reliance for the future on the League of Nations, a League so changed that it will be strong to punish the aggressor; quick to decide and to take action; and also a League that will not be chained to the past but will consider new facts and conditions as rapidly as they rise to prominence. And there is no reason why such a League should not consider and decide on anything, even Locarno; giving justice both to France and Germany.

But the attainment of such a League will not be easy. France, for instance, has been consistently opposed to a revision of the Treaty of Versailles; and her entire international policy is dictated by the hereditary fear of German aggression. And in Eastern Europe any proposal for a change of national boundaries or status stirs up a hornets' nest of traditional antagonisms and memories of historic wrongs. But unless France and certain of the other nations recognize that laws and treaties must change with a changing world, there can be no hope of an effective League of Nations. Certainly England cannot henceforth pledge her moral authority or military aid to the support of injustices that are embodied in antique treaties; treaties that may once have served their purpose but have now no relation to the changed conditions.

Despite the fact that official France was for a long time the chief proponent of the League of Nations, it has been difficult to observe any enthusiasm for the League among the masses of the French people. When sanctions were proposed against

Italy, they were not only opposed, in France, but the common remark was that " not one French soldier would volunteer to fight for the Emperor of Abyssinia ". In France the League is a purely mental conception : and there is apparently not the slightest sense of devotion to that sort of League which is a brotherhood of nations ; or of working, and if necessary fighting, for the glorious ideal of a peaceful world. Now, since Hitler moved his troops into the Rhineland, the situation is changed in fact but not in spirit. All Frenchmen will fight for the League, but only if the League opposes Germany. M. Flandin, adopting the phrase of M. Litvinov, states that " peace is one and indivisible " ; but he seems as anxious to abolish the sanctions against Italy as he is to apply them to Germany.

It is such things as these that make one wonder whether the world is yet ripe for a League of Nations. Undoubtedly the present chaos in international thought and morality illustrates the fact that the mental and moral development of the nations lags sadly behind that of the individual. Individuals can keep their words ; groups of them can be found who will fight and die for each other and for a common cause. Whether the nations are sufficiently advanced ideally and morally to undergo the sacrifices and discipline that alone can bring victory is a matter that doubtless will soon be revealed by the issue of the contest between the League and Mussolini.

If Mussolini is permitted to emerge with the spoils of war and glory of victory, it is difficult to believe that the League can continue as an effective or determining force in international affairs.

THE GERMAN DILEMMA

By R. W. Seton-Watson

TO say that Germany's repudiation of Locarno has created the gravest situation since 1914 and has struck at the very roots of the whole post-war structure in Europe, is a mere commonplace ; and yet it must be the starting point for any constructive survey. Public opinion in this country has never been more unanimous in its desire for peace, and desires it so fervently that in recent weeks it has sometimes been in danger of shutting its eyes to awkward facts. It will be the aim of this article to sum up the underlying realities of the European situation, to explore the motives, internal and external, which prompted Germany's action, and to test British policy and opinions in the light of continental reactions.

I.

In the first place, it is well to remember that suddenness is of the essence of Prussian policy, under the Führer as under Frederick, the great exponent of the *fait accompli*. Frederick, whom Hitler admires above all the great men of German history, occupied Silesia first and explained afterwards ; he also wrote the *Anti-Machiavel*, while himself applying the principles of Machiavelli, whom Hitler regards as the supreme teacher of modern statecraft. It is, then, a wise precaution to note at the outset that we have to do with a statesman who prefers to work by sudden and often violent coups ; who first tried to attain to power through the Munich Putsch of 1923 and only fell back upon political agitation as second best, and whose main achievements during his three years of office are all the result of similar methods —the overthrow of the Reichstag, the withdrawal from Geneva, the " St. Bartholomew " of June 30th, 1934, the rearmament

decisions of last year, and now the repudiation of Locarno. For this spasmodic form of government no precedents are provided by Napoleon III and Nicholas I, the despots who bulked largest in the eyes of our grandfathers : it doubtless fits in better with an age of air warfare, yellow journalism and mass suggestion. It can only be countered by sleepless vigilance on our part. We must be prepared for fresh surprises at any moment of the day or night, and must try more than ever to think out in advance every possible contingency, remembering that if there *is* a " next war ", the military decisions may have to be made by telephone and wireless, with press and Parliament stumbling breathlessly in their wake. We must indeed follow Mr. Eden's advice and " think deeply " on European affairs.

Let us also dismiss from our minds the superficial view that the Locarno coup was due to " irresponsiveness " on the part of either France or Britain. The White Paper issued by the Government on April 9th proves, beyond all possibility of cavilling, that London had for a year past made repeated approaches to Berlin : and indeed it was already known that on the very day before the coup Mr. Eden informed Herr von Hoesch of Britain's desire to conclude a Western Air Pact. Of France it will suffice to add that no sooner had Herr Hitler's interview with M. de Jouvenel appeared in the *Paris-Midi* a week earlier than the French Premier, M. Flandin, instructed his Ambassador in Berlin to ask for an interview with the Chancellor, with a view to discussing practical steps towards a Franco-German accord. A government which acts thus might even be regarded as unduly responsive ; and the particular form of response from the German side, coupled with the fact that on the very day of the coup Herr Hitler spoke to M. Poncet of a " purely symbolic " act in the Rhineland (a statement which had to be corrected by Baron von Neurath later in the day) not unnaturally increased the disillusionment and suspicions of Paris towards " diplomacy by *coup de théâtre* ".

It is unnecessary to dwell in detail upon the juridical aspect of the coup ; for it has already perhaps received too much emphasis, and the Germans are fully entitled to argue that the political aspect is at least as important. It was peculiarly

unfortunate that in the search for a compromise it should in all seriousness have been suggested that troops of the aggressor-Power *par excellence* should be sent to the Rhineland as the vindicators of public order in Europe. British opinion rightly received this idea as stillborn, and endorsed Herr Hitler's view that it was an " insult ".

On the other hand, on Germany's own showing, the repudiation of Locarno was a far graver offence than that of Versailles a year earlier. For Versailles had been signed under duress, and a certain plausible case (by no means as good a case as sentimentalists in this country too often assume, but still a case) could be made out for its invalidity, in view of alleged non-observance by the victors of their side of the bargain. But no such argument could possibly be used in respect of Locarno, which was a voluntary act of Germany, and which (as Mr. Eden has reminded us) included the Rhineland Zone provisions at Germany's express wish.

In his great Reichstag speech of May 21st, 1935, Herr Hitler freely reaffirmed this, declaring that the German Government " will scrupulously maintain every treaty voluntarily signed, even though it was concluded before their accession to power. In particular, they will uphold and fulfil all obligations arising out of the Locarno Treaty, so long as the other partners are on their side ready to stand by that pact. In respecting the demilitarized zone, the German Government consider their action as a contribution to the appeasement of Europe ".

As Mr. Eden reminded the House of Commons, Herr Hitler had, during their conversation in Berlin in April, 1935, drawn a clear distinction between Versailles and Locarno, the latter being " freely signed ". In those days Hitler had advocated " a regulated evolution " of the treaty system, and though he had alluded with disapproval to the then projected Pact between France and Soviet Russia, had not yet thought of denouncing any such project as incompatible with Locarno. Once, however, a coup in the sphere of foreign policy was considered necessary, and once the demilitarized zone had been definitely selected for its operation, some excuse for so grave a step as repudiation had to be found ; and as the treaty's voluntary character could not be denied, the main stress was laid upon the Franco-Russian

agreement, as convicting France of a previous infringement of Locarno and so freeing Germany from the need to observe it.

Leaving aside the merely technical point that the Treaty was still before the French Senate for ratification when the coup was carried out, we are bound to take note of M. Sarraut's argument, that Germany, if in doubt as to the validity of France's action, had had ten whole months in which to refer it to an impartial tribunal. It had long been a matter of public knowledge that just because Germany had objections to the conclusion of such a pact and had declined all idea of adhering to it herself, the document had been hammered to and fro by many eminent international lawyers, in order to ensure its perfect legality and " compatibility ".

Above all, Article 3 of the Locarno Treaty itself provided that any such cases of doubt should be referred to " judicial decision " between the signatories. After the accomplished fact M. Flandin's demand for a reference to the Hague Court was resolutely declined, and the suggestion of an *ad hoc* tribunal seems to have met with just as little favour. There is no escape from the conclusion that Germany recognises that nowhere in the world could a tribunal of independent jurists be constituted, which would give a verdict in her favour, and that she regards possession as nine points of the law. Let us face the brutal facts. She broke Locarno because she wants to render herself impregnable on the West before proceeding to put into effect her new Eastern policy : she knew that neither Britain nor even France, however much they might resent it, was ready to go to war on this specific issue, and that Italy, thanks to her African victories, was rapidly losing weight in the European scales. In a word, Hitler knew that there was no one to call his bluff.

This " unilateral repudiation of a treaty freely negotiated and freely signed " was described by Mr. Eden on March 9th as " a severe blow to that principle of the sanctity of treaties which underlies the whole structure of international relations ". It has " profoundly shaken confidence in any engagement into which the Government of Germany may in future enter " ; and this is not seriously affected by Germany's action in coupling repudiation with the offer of a new and fuller pact. This

argument, it is true, has been met with some impatience by the " plain man ", who would like to see the statesmen of Europe stop wrangling over legal points and " get on with the peace " which is already fifteen years overdue. But this sentimental attitude is wholly divorced from the facts. There are many patent faults in the post-war system, but at least its fundamental aim has been to replace the pre-war " European anarchy ", with its ultimate appeal to war and brute force, by a network of agreed international accords, based upon the principles laid down in the League Covenant, and in particular upon a renunciation of war and an acceptance of international arbitration. But now the absolute ruler of the biggest continental Power, having less than two years ago justified an internal *coup d'état* and wholesale executions by the plea that he was in his own person for twenty-four hours " the Supreme Court of the German people ", beyond whom there lay no possibility of appeal—this same man has again put forward an exactly similar claim for the decisions which he takes in the name of the German people in the international sphere. The old saw runs, *vox populi, vox Dei*. On March 14th, 1936, at Munich, Herr Hitler inverted this, and declared that " God's voice is the people's voice ", and that the German people " would not tolerate being sent from one international law court to another ".

If then unilateral treaty revision is possible, and no appeal beyond a nation's own arbitrary will is recognised, what other course is left for the settlement of disputes save the arbitrament of the sword, and what is the value of any fresh treaty save as a soporific? The enthusiasts who press chalk and slate into our hands and bid us start again from the beginning, forget that the sponge is still wet and may at any moment be used again. They forget that the crux of the whole pacifist position is our desire to substitute the reign of international law for that of war. Once destroy the principle of supra-national arbitration, and you have cut the League of Nations and collective security at the very root; and, as M. Sarraut has put it, the sole alternative is " a resolute return to military alliances, rearmament, and we must admit, to war launched by the strongest at the most favourable moment ". Herein lie those " real perplexities of the situation " which Mr. Eden begged the House of Commons to

face. The British Government stands pledged to consider the German counter-proposals " with an open mind "—its avowed policy being " to maintain peace, strengthen the League and uphold the sanctity of treaties ". But it is clear that these high ideals must fail, and the rule of tooth and claw must return to Europe, unless some effective guarantee against unilateral breach of treaty can be devised. Is " *Macht geht vor Recht* " to be the motto of the New Europe ?

Meanwhile, the result of the German coup has not altogether been what Herr Hitler had intended. Instead of driving a wedge between France and Britain, it has in effect (however shy we may be of the word) converted Locarno into a temporary " alliance " with France and Belgium—strictly defensive, it is true, and limited to certain contingencies, pending a new and wider settlement. Mr. Eden has not only calmed moderate French opinion by the explicit nature of his pledges, to which we were of course already pledged up to the hilt, but which required restatement in face of German repudiation and of the Olympian detachment assumed by a section of British opinion ; he found it necessary to remind the country that " we are not arbiters . . . We are guarantors, and have certain commitments . . . and they are very definite ". The Government has thus avoided the fundamental error of 1919, when we induced the French to renounce the Rhine in return for a triple treaty of guarantee, and then, when their side of the bargain was already in operation, considered ourselves dispensed from our side of it, owing to America's withdrawal. The bitterness which remained from this incident contributed as much as anything else to French intransigence in the Poincaré period. This time our obligation towards France and Belgium is upheld, irrespective of German repudiation.

2.

The real key to Herr Hitler's action is supplied by the internal situation in Germany itself, which throughout last winter had grown increasingly precarious. National Socialism in its three years of power had tried to kill two birds with one stone : and its programme of rearmament had for the time being enormously reduced unemployment. Mr. Churchill's estimate of £1,500,000,000 expended in three years, or £800,000,000 in 1935

alone, corresponds not only to the *Daily Herald's* information from Socialist sources, but also to many serious estimates accessible to official circles, and even if we deduct as much as one-third for possible exaggerations, what remains is of immense gravity, fills all Germany's neighbours with intense alarm and makes of the Franco-Soviet Pact an obvious precautionary measure. But being on a scale hitherto unprecedented in history, this programme absorbed all the fluid monetary resources of the country, mortgaged a part of its revenues for some years ahead, and involved serious restrictions upon Germany's foreign trade and upon movements of capital. What international investors, and especially the City, regard as " Bolshevik finance " has effectually defeated Herr Schacht's repeated and desperate efforts to secure a foreign loan ; while at the same time the Army chiefs recognise that they already have amply made up arrears of material, and that the main problem which now confronts them is that of the cadres and trained man-power without which that material is useless. Thus, financially speaking, drastic reduction of expenditure is needed, if bankruptcy is to be averted, but socially speaking, this can only be effected by dangerously swelling the number of the unemployed. And all the time, according to such official statistics as are still available, prices have been slowly rising, while wages and purchasing power have correspondingly declined. It should be superfluous to add that the working-class has been deprived of all legal forms of redress, that budget control is non-existent, and that all free expression of opinion has disappeared.

The Führer thus found himself faced by a dilemma not unlike that of June, 1934. Two rival forces were again struggling to control him—on the one hand, the Left wing of his own party, which lays as much stress on " Socialist " as on " National ", though drawing a not very clear distinction between " Socialism " and " Marxism " ; on the other, all those Conservative elements which have rallied to the regime, in the hope of shaping its policy to their will, in the absence of the old dynastic, parliamentary and Federal restraints. It is not to be forgotten that though for the moment silenced and impotent, there are large masses of German opinion which (quite apart from personal vendettas) regard Hitler as having betrayed the *true* " German Revolution "

for which Röhm, Strasser, and even Schleicher, each in his own way stood. To them " the 30th of June " was a surrender of their social programme at the dictation of the Junkers, bankers and industrialists, no less grave than the surrender of German national rights towards Poland. It was this body of opinion which Herr Goebbels had in mind in his Cologne speech of January 26th, when he declared that the Nazi programme still had to be carried out, that what had happened hitherto was only the overture which, as in Wagner, contained the *leitmotif* of the opera itself. Meanwhile there are grounds for believing that monarchist feeling—but in favour of Hohenzollern as a single unifying force, not in favour of the twenty odd fallen dynasties—is steadily gaining ground in Germany ; that large sections of working class opinion consider that an Imperial restoration would be less intolerable than the present regime ; and also that Socialists and Communists alike have their own marching orders to fall in with the mock-elections and plebiscites of Herr Goebbels, but to set themselves to undermining the whole surface of the Reich in preparation for an eventual collapse.

All the Führer's associates both before and since his access to power have remarked one striking feature in his character—extreme and prolonged fits of indecision, ending in lightning decisions of an almost elemental kind. On June 30th, 1934, he suddenly extricated himself from his dilemma by a Tarquinian cutting-off of heads ; but while sacrificing the " S.A." to the Reichswehr, he continued to govern through an alliance of rival forces—Göring, Goebbels, Hess, Rosenberg, Schacht, the industrialists, and the all-important group of generals. Many close observers had for some time past held the view that when next a decisive choice of direction became inevitable, his sole possible exit from the dilemma would be a foreign adventure. They were to this extent right, that the decision of March 7th was taken in the field of foreign, not home policy. That no action was taken beyond the frontiers of the Reich, however, represents a compromise between the Reichswehr's known aversion to any " foreign adventure " (a memorandum in this sense, drafted as recently as last January, is believed to have had the approval of the General Staff, the Wilhelmstrasse and the Ministry of Finance) and its very natural desire to improve

its strategic position for the event of trouble in the East. The Rhineland coup had this great advantage, that it mobilized all the still latent resentment against the Versailles settlement, and perforce rallied to the regime even the increasingly critical. It thus postponed a really drastic decision and gained time in both directions—for the Army to make itself impregnable in the West and thereby automatically reduce France's offensive powers and her strategic value as an ally, for the Führer to ponder the swiftly approaching choice between a capital levy and higher taxation, between a social revolutionary and a capitalist programme.

There are some who believe that with this last coup the real usefulness of the Führer for what has not yet ceased to be the governing class of Germany is at an end, and that, the Moor having now done his duty, the only problem now is, how to get the Moor to go. At this point prophecy becomes more than usually futile ; for the most desperate of all Germany's problems consists in the fact that *no one* (and to this not even the Führer is an exception) knows exactly where the ultimate power now resides. That Hitler himself has a magnetic power over the masses, and with the help of an unexampled propagandist paraphernalia can force an issue or create an accomplished fact, is obvious : but that he really governs is not so certain, and that those against whom a second " 30th of June " would have to be carried out would allow themselves to be caught napping, is more than doubtful. To the conservative forces this nominally omnipotent Dictator has proved a far more convenient instrument than anyone could have dreamt of under William II ; but under Hitler they are living dangerously, and perhaps even 1936 may make him the instrument of their will, or the leader of a real National Socialist Revolution. There is a strange, almost messianic, trait in Hitler's character, which may still surprise us all. Besides intense vanity, the ever varying moods of a woman (some say, of a prima donna), a very low estimate of human nature, imperviousness to argument, and extreme ruthlessness towards friends who cross his path, there is also the conviction that he is no usurper, but the Elect of the People. " I go the way which fate has shown me, with all the certainty of a somnambulist." " If I have done wrongly, then I shall ask God Almighty to strike me down ".

What, then, are we to make of such a man's programme of peace in Europe for a quarter of a century? Public opinion, while fully endorsing the Government's decision to discuss it most seriously and " with an open mind ", will in the first instance turn for enlightenment to Hitler's own published works and to the record of his regime in its dealings with neighbouring States. They will take note that in a book, of which far more than a million copies have been sold and which is still officially distributed and commended as a sort of Nazi Gospel, France is spoken of as " the pitiless hereditary foe of the German people " (p. 699), whose aim it is to break up Germany into petty States and seize the Rhine (p. 763)—as an increasingly negroid nation, whose aims are identical with Jewish world-dominion (p. 704). Though French suspicions are kept alive by his steady refusal to erase such passages from the German edition and by his parallel insistence that they shall be omitted from the expurgated French and English editions, it is certain that in his present mood he disclaims all idea of aggression against France, and accepts the present frontier as definitive. In his public speeches he has frequently pleaded for a final reconciliation between France and Germany, and for " Hands across the Rhine "; and at Karlsruhe on March 12th he proclaimed his ambition " to win the repute of a peacemaker ".

Meanwhile he has concluded a ten years' Pact with Poland, based on a recognition of the fact that " the two peoples cannot absorb one another " and that Poland's access to the sea is also a fact, unpalatable, but not to be undone, and he has maintained a steady veto upon the anti-Polish press campaign.

In striking contrast to this is his attitude to Austria and Russia. In the former case it is only too notorious that the Nazi terrorist movement was directed and liberally financed from Munich and Berlin, that the Munich wireless conducted a fierce campaign against Austria, that the Reich deliberately killed the German tourist traffic in Austria, that an " Austrian Legion " was equipped and armed in Bavaria for use in Austria, that the unsuccessful Putsch of July 25th, 1934, culminating in the murder of Chancellor Dollfuss and a rising in Styria, was engineered from the Reich, and that two of its chief organisers, Habicht and Frauenfeld, have this month been nominated as " deputies " in

the new German Reichstag. It is not surprising that the alarm caused by such patent designs on Austrian independence should have been increased by the omission of any mention of Austria among the border States to which the Führer offered pacts of non-aggression ; and this was only very partially allayed when, in an interview to the *Daily Mail*, he made good the omission in favour of both Austria and Czechoslovakia.

While, however, Austria seems to offer the easiest objective for a fresh coup, the real test of the Führer's pacific intentions is provided by German-Russian relations. For on the one hand he has incessantly proclaimed Bolshevism to be the chief enemy of Europe, and the Soviet State to be a dangerous Asiatic intruder, while on the other the territory of Russia and the border States is in his view destined to provide the land (*Grund und Boden*) " necessary for our German people ". Only here can sufficient room be found for the 250,000,000 Germans of the future, who are to rely upon " the busy German plough ", but only after conquest achieved by the sword (*Mein Kampf*, p. 743). Expansion to the south and west is to be finally abandoned, and all efforts are to be directed towards securing " the most sacred right in this world, the right to the land, and the holiest sacrifice, the blood shed for it " (p. 755). Thus Blood and Soil (*Blut und Boden* " Blubo ") supersedes Bismarck's watchword of Blood and Iron. As Hitler expressly repudiates racial assimilation as contrary to the theory of pure blood, and as he no less explicitly links up with the colonising policy of six centuries ago in East Europe (which drove out or swallowed up the Slavs between Elbe and Oder), it follows logically that his aim is to expel the existing Russian or Ukrainian population and replace them by Germans.

This it is perhaps which explains his objection to the Franco-Soviet Pact, his steady omission of Russia from the list of countries with which he is ready to conclude pacts of non-aggression, and his eagerness to exploit Britain's very natural reluctance to link East and West in a single Pact. It still remains to be seen, however, whether his mentor in eastern questions, the Baltic German Herr Rosenberg, will in the end prove a stronger influence than the Reichswehr. If it really be true that the Reichswehr is hostile to all foreign adventure, then assuredly

it must oppose this wildest of all adventures, to which Poland would add yet another incalculable factor. It is notorious that till 1933 contacts were maintained between the German and Soviet Staffs, and their renewal is said to be still favoured in certain quarters.

It is obviously impossible within the scope of this article to survey all the complicated issues involved in the German proposals and the French counter-proposals. But the greater our scepticism as to motives and aims, the more essential is it to ensure that there should be really heart-to-heart negotiations between Germany and the Locarno Powers, in which the obscurities referred to above, and many others, may be at last dispelled. In the meantime the British Government and the Foreign Secretary may be congratulated on having kept their heads, combined firmness with conciliation, rejected the idea of sanctions against Germany while reaffirming their plain engagements towards France and Belgium, and so maintained a certain mediatory position, without ever forgetting their duties as guarantors or their loyalty to Geneva. During the exploratory period which is presumably before us and which is likely to last longer than any of us could wish, our main hope must be to preserve the peace front at Geneva, or in Mr. Churchill's words, to " weave the Powers into a confederacy of defence ", while giving explicit guarantees as to the inviolability of German soil, and against all designs of aggressive " Encirclement " We must not create the impression of " a rabble flying before forces which we could not restrain ", but must " invest with overwhelming power the collective forces of the world ". Today isolation is rank insanity, and is indeed another word for armed anarchy.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE *QUEEN MARY*

By Sir Archibald Hurd

SOME misconceptions exist as to the *Queen Mary*. They have arisen, perhaps inevitably, from ignorance of the conditions of international competition which have developed on the North Atlantic route in the last fifteen years or so and of the circumstances in which the new liner was designed and built. As Sir Percy Bates, the Chairman of the Cunard White Star Company, has reiterated time and again, the company did not start out with the ambition of building the largest or the swiftest or the most luxurious liner in the world, but an economic unit of the fleet of the oldest company in the North Atlantic trade, which in former normal conditions always paid investors reasonable dividends, the fruits of good management.

Under a complete misapprehension of what may be described as "the *Queen Mary* policy", it has been implied that the construction of the *Queen Mary* was a wild adventure for which there was never any justification, seeing that the liner, as it has been claimed, can never yield a profit; that when the mistake was realised, the Government had to step in and provide the money to enable the ship to be completed after work at the Clydebank shipyard had been suspended for two years; and that the vessel is now virtually, if not actually, the taxpayers' property, her management subject, in the last analysis, to parliamentary control. There is also a widespread belief that, if and when a sister ship is built, she will be necessarily paid for out of funds provided by the Treasury and that the Government will have the right to decide when and where she shall be laid down.

The story of the evolution of the *Queen Mary* covers a period of ten years, 1926-1936. The Cunard Steam Ship Company, pioneers in linking the New World with the Old by swift shipping services—starting with the *Britannia*, of 1,140 tons

gross in 1840—suffered heavy losses during the Great War in fulfilling its duty to the nation in the hour of ordeal. Vessels amounting to over 205,000 tons gross tonnage were lost by the company. "In all, more than 56 per cent. of the company's gross tonnage was sacrificed in the performance of services of the highest importance to the nation in the hour of its greatest jeopardy."* When the war came to an end the company had consequently a greatly depleted fleet, consisting mainly of ships well advanced in age. Then came reports of foreign activity. The Germans were preparing to build two ships, the *Bremen* and *Europa*, of very high speed; the Italians were also intending to compete for the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic, then held by the *Mauretania*, which, though launched as long ago as 1906, was still the most wonderful ship afloat; and the French, having surprised the world with the luxury ship, *Ile de France*, were planning a liner which in size, in speed, and in luxury of accommodation was to surpass anything attempted in the past.

The Cunard Company could have thrown up the sponge. It could have argued that these developments, fostered at great expense by the respective Governments as a matter of national prestige, rendered its outlook hopeless, since it had no expectation of a subsidy from the British Government to build and operate new liners of corresponding size and speed and luxury. Sir Percy Bates and his colleagues, taking their responsibility very seriously, considered what course they could adopt without bringing their company to ruin. They had hitherto maintained an express service with *three* vessels. Since new ships had to be constructed in order to preserve the company's goodwill, built up during nearly a century's well directed enterprise, would it be possible, in view of the remarkable progress of marine engineering, to construct *two* new ships to do the work of three? The answer of the highest experts was in the affirmative.

In a statement made as long ago as September 24th, 1930, Sir Percy Bates, with the records of nearly a century of successful building for his guidance, declared:—

> The conditions which govern the construction of such a pair of steamers are speed and size. The speed is dictated by the time necessary to perform the journey at all seasons of the year and in both directions, plus the

* *A Merchant Fleet at War*, by Archibald Hurd.

consideration of the number of hours required in port on each side of the Atlantic. The size is dictated by the necessity to make money by providing sufficient saleable passenger accommodation to pay for the speed. In the opinion of its technical advisers, so far from attempting to construct steamers simply to compete with others in size and speed, the Cunard Company is projecting a pair of steamers which, though they will be very large and fast, are in fact the smallest and slowest which can fulfil properly all the essential economic conditions. To go beyond these conditions would be extravagant; to fall below them would be incompetent, as the company would be simply leaving to others a direct invitation to compete with it on more economic terms.

Once the economic problem had been settled, the work of design began, and it became apparent that no vessel of less than about 1,000 feet in length—since length and speed are closely related—would fulfil the conditions—that is, have a service speed of about 30 knots in all conditions of sea without inflicting unbearable discomfort on the passengers owing to vibration.* Four years were devoted to the preliminary work in association with naval architects, marine engineers, and other experts. The question of the most suitable propelling machinery to be adopted was considered by a committee, under the chairmanship of the late Sir Aubrey Brocklebank, which included the late Sir Charles Parsons, Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir R. W. Skelton, the late Mr. Andrew Laing, Mr. T. McPherson, Commander Sir Charles W. Craven, Mr. J. Callender, the late Mr. Andrew Hamilton, Sir Thomas Bell, and Mr. G. Mc L. Paterson, the naval architect and Mr. J. Austin the superintendent engineer of the Cunard Line. It was eventually decided to entrust the building of the ship to Messrs. John Brown & Co., at Clydebank, who had an experimental tank and an expert staff, and had constructed the *Lusitania*. All the main details of the empirical design were submitted to tests by wax models so as to guard against error; in all, no fewer than 7,000 experiments were carried out in all kinds of weather conditions, artificially produced in the tank measuring 400 feet by 20 feet, and the results carefully noted and correlated. By this long process the *Queen Mary*, as she is seen today, gradually took shape in a wax model which was no more than 17 feet long.

* When the *Queen Mary* was steaming at her regulation full speed between Southampton and the Clyde, Mr. A. E. Mason, the novelist, reported by wireless that "sitting in the great dining room, we could hardly be aware that the *Queen Mary* was moving at all."

It was not until every doubt had been removed and the Cunard Company were satisfied that they had evolved a ship as nearly perfect in hull form and other respects as she could be made, that the keel was laid.

As the work on "No. 534", as the ship was known, proceeded, financial troubles in all parts of the world increased and the ordinary facilities of the bill market in London became increasingly deranged until at last the Cunard Company decided that progress must be interrupted—not from lack of faith in the ship of so much thought and experiment, but from lack of money on such terms as they considered it reasonable to pay if the economic basis of their two-ship plan was not to be so disturbed as to threaten all possibility of success. So, as a sequel to the resignation of the MacDonald Government in September, 1931, in face of a financial crisis which threatened the nation's future and the gathering economic storms in the United States, Canada, and elsewhere, the order had to be given that work should, for the time being at least, be stopped. Sir Percy Bates remarked at the time that to enable a company, with financial responsibility, to build ships it was necessary at least to earn depreciation on the old ships. This the company had not been able to do in 1931 for the first time for very many years. The decline in passenger and freight traffic seemed at the moment to have no limit, and the North Atlantic trade outlook for 1932 was grave. There was, in fact, a glut of tonnage on this route, and the company found itself in competition with other fleets, in the building and running of which, with Government assistance, the earning of sufficient profit to meet their annual depreciation charge was no longer a matter of primary importance. It had been the practice to finance the construction of a ship such as "No. 534" by making use of bill market finance and repaying such liabilities out of the earnings set aside annually to cover the normal depreciation of the fleet, and partly out of the earnings of the ship herself during the first few years of her operation. The international crisis had changed the whole financial background and made continued use of this type of finance, to state the matter conservatively, less easy than formerly.

For all these reasons the company reluctantly decided that it was necessary to suspend the construction of "No. 534", and

all bills of exchange current on the ship were paid off as they matured out of the company's liquid cash resources, which were ample for the purpose, and the men at Clydebank were paid off.

For upwards of two years the gaunt hull at Clydebank was a silent monument to the distress which had overtaken the nation. In the meantime the *Bremen* and *Europa*, with the German Government backing the owners, appeared on the Atlantic route, and the *Mauretania* had to surrender her supremacy; subsequently there came the *Rex* and *Conte di Savoie* from the Italian shipyard, setting up a yet higher speed record; and in 1934 there appeared the *Normandie*, whose construction had been pressed to completion at the urgent demand of the French Government; it was a symbol of French craftsmanship as well as of awakened French ambition. She was and remains, in spite of the *Queen Mary*, the largest liner in the world.*

Eventually the British Government agreed to intervene in order that work might be resumed on the "No. 534"—but on terms. On the one hand, under the Trade Facilities Act, it had provided immediately after the Great War "cheap money" for the building of ships for the White Star Line, and that concern was heavily in its debt. On the other, the German, French, and Italian liners had been brought under unified control in each case. In the circumstances, the Government stated that it was willing to facilitate the completion of the liner at Clydebank if the Cunard and White Star Companies were merged so as to reinsure the White Star liability to the Treasury and eliminate costly rivalry between British ships under two managements. The negotiations were successful, and in December, 1934, a Bill was presented to Parliament providing the necessary sum, *on loan*, for completing "No. 534", and working capital for the new merger company—the Cunard-White Star Company—besides giving the Treasury power to advance an amount up to £5,000,000 for the construction of a second ship in accordance with the original plan. In these circumstances the *Queen Mary* was completed.

It is doing no service to British shipping to lend support, as

* The *Normandie* is of 82,799 tons gross and the *Queen Mary* is of 80,774 tons gross.

some questions in the House of Commons have done, to the belief, held in some foreign countries, that the *Queen Mary* is a government ship. The idea of building such a vessel was conceived by the oldest company in the North Atlantic trade as a matter of business policy; the design was evolved without reference to the Treasury; the contract was placed with Messrs. John Brown & Co., in accordance with the ordinary principles of shipbuilding finance, without even the suggestion that the State should lend its aid, except in regard to insurance; only when the bill market became disorganized was the aid of the Treasury sought to complete the vessel; a part of the cost of construction only was provided under the North American Shipping Act, and finally, all the money advanced is to be repaid with interest over a series of years.

Interest in the matter of the building of a second ship is natural, involving, as it does, the expenditure in the district chosen for the laying of the keel of a large sum in wages. The advantage is not so much as some people imagine in view of the number of contractors and sub-contractors in all parts of the country concerned in the equipment of such a vessel. In the case of the *Queen Mary* work was provided for skilled craftsmen in 86 cities and towns, London receiving large orders, though the hull was constructed on the Clyde. Questions which have been asked in the House of Commons indicate some misconception as to the situation which will arise when it is finally decided to lay the keel. Even if the Treasury were asked, and consented, to lend the necessary money, Ministers could obviously not dictate when the ship shall be constructed, for that is a matter which lies with the Cunard-White Star Company, the eventual owners, nor where the keel shall be laid. The company is under no obligation to Parliament to build a second ship or to borrow under the Act for that purpose, but merely has an option to do so subject to the approval of the Treasury. Sir Percy Bates and his colleagues may conceivably find, since passenger and cargo business on the North Atlantic has greatly improved, that they can now secure as good terms in the bill market in accordance with the ordinary procedure of shipbuilding finance. The financial position in this country is not what it was two years ago. The crisis has passed. An immense amount of capital

is going begging; the nation is saving so much money that, in view of the continued ban on foreign investment, it is difficult to find employment for it. Consequently there is no ground for the positive assumption that Treasury aid by way of loan will be needed for the construction of a second ship, though probably the facilities may be accepted.

"She has been built for utility—that is easy to see". In those few words the King, after inspecting the liner *Queen Mary*, summed up her outstanding quality. Others have described her as the biggest ship ever built in this country, as the swiftest liner that has ever been designed, as a ship of luxury and, again, as the supreme triumph of the British shipbuilder; but the phrase of His Majesty, still—as he was when Prince of Wales—Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets, is the complete justification of this vessel of many wonders. The *Queen Mary*, as Sir Percy Bates has declared, was "the inevitable ship" for the conditions which were foreseen ten years ago—neither too big nor too swift nor too luxurious; she is not "a millionaire's ship", but will provide for passengers of all classes and not merely for rich people. And in that connection, it is a point of importance in reviewing her profit-earning possibilities that from 70 to 80 per cent. of the travellers passing to and fro across the Atlantic are Americans, who expect a high standard of accommodation, recreation and service. In order to form a judgment on the future of the ship, that fact must be kept in mind, in association with the governing considerations—that the *Queen Mary* and her sister—embodying the lessons learnt from the performance of the *Queen Mary* at sea—will replace three ships, and that they will be confronted with no competitors under the British flag. They will not be ships of a day but of a generation. As the *Mauretania* held her own in face of all comers for over twenty years and remained to the last the swiftest ship of her size, so the new liner, and in due course the companion ship, are intended to maintain British prestige for many years.

British supremacy on the North Atlantic will be assured as soon as the *Queen Mary's* sister is completed. But what of British shipping on other seas? On every trade route it is contending against vessels which have been built with State aid; the subsidies, it is estimated, amount in the aggregate to

£30,000,000 annually. The British Merchant Navy in the unequal struggle against heavy odds which it has been maintaining practically since the end of the Great War has suffered heavy casualties. Upwards of 7,000,000 tons of British shipping were sunk. Moreover, its very triumph in saving, in the last analysis, the Allied cause from defeat inspired foreign nations with the determination to create merchant fleets so as, firstly, to provide their navies with auxiliaries, and, secondly, to render their communities independent of tonnage under other flags. As under conditions of equal and economic competition such ambitions could not be realized, their taxpayers were called upon to help in financing the building of the ships or their operation at sea, and, in some cases, both forms of assistance were provided, backed by various forms of flag discrimination.

It was in face of such conditions that, on the recommendation of Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, who had studied the problem for many months, the British Government agreed early last year to ask Parliament to grant a subsidy of £2,000,000 for 12 months to the tramp section of the British shipping industry, which was threatened by collapse. The subsidy was granted—but under conditions dictated by the Board of Trade. It was insisted that internecine competition should be restrained; that the goodwill of liner owners, running to time schedules and carrying "parcels", as distinct from the bulk cargoes of the tramps, should be secured; and that the co-operation of foreign tramp owners should be sought. It was in these circumstances that minimum freight schemes were adopted for some of the principal trade routes, and enforced with the "big stick" (£2,000,000) by committees over which Sir Vernon Thomson presided with tact and firmness. The grant proved a blessing to foreign as well as British owners, since it checked the fall of rates, though it did not enable profits to be made.

When the twelve months were coming to an end, the Government had no alternative, if the aim to place this branch of the industry on an economic basis was not to be abandoned, but to renew the subsidy for another year. That has now been done, to the benefit less of tramp owners than of their officers and men; more of them are employed, and they have higher

pay than otherwise could have been provided out of the tills of the tramp owners, in many cases well nigh empty a year ago.

But this success has affected only about 4,000,000 tons of the 17,500,000 tons of shipping on the United Kingdom Register. The greater part of the Merchant Navy still has the dice heavily loaded against it on practically all the trade routes. Private enterprise, governed by economic laws, cannot survive, if unassisted, in a struggle against enterprise backed by all the resources of governments.

The conditions under which British shipping has for a long time been competing, in particular in the Pacific, have been described as "the worst scandal in the history of the industry", and it is not an over-statement. The company mainly affected is the Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand, one of the companies of the P. & O. group, and its rival is the American Matson Line. The British company has to trade on an ordinary economic basis, but its competitor is State aided. In the first place, it received from the American Government, on loan, at a nominal rate of interest, three-quarters of the cost of its ships, which are now being operated with the support of subsidies. The financial position of the companies may be briefly summarised :—

Matson Line.	£	*Union S.S. Co.*	£
Saving on shipbuilding loans as compared with market rates	176,239		
Subsidy to company's mail steamers	265,733	Payment for carriage of mails	68,649
Subsidy to company's cargo vessels	43,349		—
	£485,321		£68,649

British wages are rather higher than the American wages, bearing in mind that payments are made for overtime and holidays as well as for the social services ; moreover, the Matson Line, having a monopoly on the U.S.A.-Hawaian route, is able to use the strength which this monopoly gives it in competing for the Australian and New Zealand traffic.

The sequence of events is noteworthy. From 1885 to 1900, a period of 15 years, the Union Company, in conjunction with an American firm, carried on successfully a trans-Pacific mail service between Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii and San Francisco. In this way the traffic, at first far from remunerative, was gradually developed until it became profitable. Then,

in 1898, the United States annexed Hawaii, and two years later Congress extended American coastwise laws to Hawaii, though it is 2,000 miles from San Francisco, two-thirds of the distance from Liverpool to Canada. Thenceforward only ships flying the American flag were permitted to land in Hawaii either passengers or cargo embarked in the United States or *vice versa*. Having been shut out of the Hawaian trade in this way, the Union Company, with fine enterprise, established a service to San Francisco via Tahiti, though it offered a poor substitute for the heavy loss it had suffered in having to abandon a trade which amounts to approximately a million tons of cargo a year and a large tourist traffic.

On the Trans-Pacific route the traffic in goods is almost entirely in one direction. Neither the United States nor Canada buys the agricultural and pastoral goods of Australia and New Zealand, but these two Dominions import manufactured goods from the North American countries. British ships northbound, owing to the operation of the American Law, must therefore run more or less empty, while American ships can, and do, call at Hawaii and there pick up their cargo for carriage from Hawaii to the United States. Apart from the subsidies, American ships on this trade route have consequently an enormous advantage. The "leg" of the route which lies between American ports, which are 2,000 miles apart, is reserved as a coastal voyage, but the "leg" of the route, which lies between British ports in Australia and New Zealand, 1,200 miles apart, is open to the ships of all nations. Such are the anomalous conditions under which British ships have to be operated.*

Unless the British Government, with the co-operation of the Australian, New Zealand, and Canadian Governments, comes to the rescue—and a conference on the subject began in London on the eve of the Easter holidays—there will not be a liner flying the British flag on this important trade route. The ships now serving are to be withdrawn in a few months because the losses incurred are so great.

Moreover, it is not only in the Pacific that British shipping, now reduced by 2,000,000 tons as compared with less than 3 years ago, is fighting a losing battle. The issue of the struggle is a matter of national prestige. It is also an economic matter in time of peace; it is a matter of vital import in time of war. As the Hon. Alexander Shaw, chairman of the P. & O. and associated companies has said: "*Laisser faire* is inapplicable to a situation where economic competition has ceased to exist". British shipping is in a state of emergency to which the well-tried theories of the past do not apply, and in the interests of this country, as well as the Empire as a whole, a well considered defensive policy must be evolved and fearlessly applied.

* *The Shipping World*, November 13th, 1935.

THE GRACE NOTE

By H. E. Bates

THE Chipperfields lived next door to us. There were eight sons besides Sep and his missus. At that time Sep was almost fifty, and the boys ranged from fifteen to about thirty. They were all musicians. Every one of them played instruments in a brass band.

To the Chipperfields the playing of instruments was a religion, a kind of creed. Their perfect heaven would have been a kind of eternal bandstand in which there was an eternal playing of angelic cornets and trombones, with God, no doubt, conducting. The whole of their spare life was dedicated to it. They began as soon as they could puff. They were fairly suckled on trumpets, and somewhere about the age of eight or nine they had their first cornets. After that nothing could hold them. They rushed home from school to get in a little practice before tea with all the enthusiasm of the fanatic doing a devotional exercise. It was second nature ; cornet-blowing was in their blood. In a week or so they could scale like larks, and in a month they would have mastered " The Bluebells of Scotland ". In another month they could do what they liked with bits from Sousa and Rossini, and in about three months they were in the band. The only one of the family who wasn't in the band and who didn't play at all was Sep's missus, Emma. Twenty years before, Sep had tried hard to teach her, but it was no go. " It's either cornets or kids ", she told him. " It can't be both ". So for the next twenty years she did her bit by producing potential cornet-blowers, and by the time Fred, the youngest, was fourteen, they were all in the band.

They were not only in the band, but they were the band itself. It was a good band, and without them it would have been nothing. And they knew it. Because they had other things in common besides instrument blowing. They were all proud

and they were all jealous. They were clannish to the same point of intense enthusiasm as they were over the practising of scales. Nobody played half so well as they did. Nobody even knew how to play half so well. They went to festivals and heard all the crack players and then came home and said they could do better standing on their heads. Once, in the park, when the band was playing on a floating bandstand on the lake, the whole affair capsized and the band was swamped. But the Chipperfields all went on playing, and Alf, the eldest, was still triple-tongueing when he went under.

That was their spirit : to do things wholesale and go on doing them no matter what happened and no matter who was upset. And at one time or another a good many people were upset by the Chipperfields. They were touchy. They were like cats. They had to be smoothed the right way or there was trouble.

And finally there was trouble. The Chipperfields left the band. It was an absolute sensation. It was like a congregation suddenly walking out of a church. And it all happened over nothing. The band was practising for a contest and a crack conductor had been hired from Manchester. The test piece was Tchaikovsky's " 1812 ", and suddenly the conductor stopped the whole band and as good as said that there was no chance at all for them at the contest if the trombones went on rag-tearing.

It was an insult. What the conductor did not know was that the trombones were all Chipperfields. To say that they were rag-tearing was an insult to the whole family. And when the band tried out the piece again the Chipperfields all did their worst, on purpose. It was chaotic. The conductor was furious. But it was no use. The Chipperfields simply blew the spit out of their instruments and walked out.

And that was the beginning of the formation of the Chipperfield brass band. It was in reality the fulfilment of a dream of Sep himself. It had always been his heart's ambition to see a band formed of his own flesh and blood. Besides his own family he had two brothers, both euphonium players, and though at that time only Alf and Harry were married, they both had sons. In a year or two they would be blowing their first cornets and Sep had visions of a Chipperfield band that, in a few years, would be famous.

It was exactly the sort of thing the Chipperfields liked. They got together at once. There were altogether eleven of them, with the two brothers, and they roped in a second cousin or two until, by the midsummer of that year, they could start practice with a band of fifteen, all Chipperfields.

Alf, Sep's eldest son, was conductor. There was no doubt that he was just the man : a fine musician, a firm critic, and the tallest of a tall family. All the Chipperfields stood as straight as trombones, and, gathered together for practice, they looked magnificent.

They sounded even better. At their first practice they tried out just a few things they knew by heart, a few hymns, a Sousa march, a couple of Victorian popular airs. But it was beautiful. They were born for it and for each other. In *pianissimo* passages they were as soft as milk, and in anything marked *molto vivace* or *con spirito* they played with a crisp and almost acid freshness that was exhilarating. They knew all the musical terms and they were artists. At the end of the first practice Alf made a short speech in which he said that hitherto brass-band playing in their district had been about as sleepy as a rotten pear and that he felt they could knock anybody else into the middle of next week. There was still time to enter for the late summer contests, and he suggested they go in for just the best of them. They all agreed. That same night they appointed Harry secretary, and within a week they had entered their applications for two top-notch contests in August and two others in September. " Next year we'll bust the Crystal Palace ", Sep said.

In another week they were really practising. They hired a school-room for three nights a week and they were like men at devotion. One of the test pieces was Mendelssohn's overture to " A Midsummer Night's Dream ", and it was pretty tricky. But they got the spirit of it at once. It was Alf who was responsible. He dinned it into them never to play a single note without the words of the title burning in their minds : that it was midsummer, that it was night, that it was a dream. " Play it ", he said, " just as if you'd had a pint or two, like that. Sweet and dreamy and about half-drunk ". And the way they responded was masterly. They got all the sweet dreamy intoxication of the dream into it wonderfully. They made it ethereal and unreal.

There was no doubt, at that time, that they were going to knock spots off everybody.

Then something happened. At the third practice, about half way through the Mendelssohn, when they already knew the thing inside out, Alf suddenly stopped them.

" We'll go through that again. First bar, second line down the right-hand page ".

They played it, and he stopped them again.

" Somebody's playing a grace note in the third line, second bar ", he said. " There's no grace note there, and whoever's playing it can't see straight. If Mendelssohn had wanted a grace note there he'd have put one in. Now, again. And no grace note ".

They played it again, and Alf nearly lost his temper.

" Who the devil's playing that grace note ? "

Nobody spoke.

" It's a cornet, somewhere. Who is it ? " Nobody answered. It was an insult to suggest that any of them couldn't read, and in his mind everybody blamed everybody else. " Well ", Alf said, " we'll try it again ".

They tried it again and the cornet played the grace note.

" Who played it ? " Alf shouted.

Nobody answered.

" Come on, who played it ? "

" I did ", Sep said.

Alf nearly broke his baton. " Then by God you ought to know better ! "

" It's here all right. It's marked in the copy ", Sep said. " D'ye think I can't see ? "

" Where ? Where's it marked ? Let me see ! "

Alf stormed round behind the cornets and looked over his father's shoulder.

" That's a fly muck ! "

" Who is ? What is ? Fly muck ! That's a grace note. Think I can't read ? "

" It's a fly muck, I tell you. Here, Harry, Charley. Is that a fly muck or is it a grace note ? "

Harry and Charley came to look and both said it was a fly muck. Then gradually the whole family crowded round and everybody

said that it was a fly muck. The old man was absolutely humiliated. He felt disgraced before his own brothers and his own sons. But still he wouldn't have it that it was a fly muck and not a grace note. He was like all the Chipperfields : too proud to admit a fault, and he kept saying :

" It's there and I shall play it. It's there and I shall play it ".

" In that case ", Alf said, " the band goes smash ".

" Smash ? What ?—What——"

The idea almost smashed him himself.

The thought of the band going wrong was unthinkable and suddenly the old man did, for a Chipperfield, a very magnanimous and wonderful thing.

" All right ", he said, " I give in. I won't play it ".

" You'd better change copies with somebody ", Alf said, " or you'll be reading the fly muck again ".

" No ", he said, stubbornly. " I'll stick to my own. I ain't saying the note ain't there, but I won't play it. That's all ".

And, when they tried the piece again, he didn't play it. It was a great effort of will, but he succeeded. All the time everybody felt a little strained and much of the dreamy, drunken spirit of the thing was lost. And all the Chipperfields felt that the old man was to blame. He, in turn, felt them against him. It depressed him. For the first time in his life he felt a crack in the family unity.

Then, for a time, things went very well. The Chipperfields got to know the Mendelssohn inside out. They played it like angels. They were a small band, but they were so beautifully balanced and sure in understanding of the music and each other that nobody ever noticed that.

But all the time the old man was worried. He couldn't get the grace note out of his mind. Every time he came to the page showing the fly muck he went through a small agony of indecision and distress. It needed a constant effort of will and self-denial not to play a note which he was still sure in his own mind was there. Anybody else would by that time have forgotten it, but the Chipperfields were like that. Even about music they were as proud as horses and as stubborn as donkeys. All his life Sep had worked as a finisher in a shoe factory, and when he came home sometimes in the evenings, mucky and dishevelled,

he looked rather like a tired grizzly old dog who has had enough. The grace note wouldn't let him rest.

And when the contest day came it was still on his mind. The rest of the Chipperfields had forgotten it long since. But he was obsessed by it. He had begun to see it out of all proportion. And all that afternoon he kept wiping his grizzly moustache with the back of his hand in nervous distress.

The Chipperfields played late in the afternoon. Even before they played there was something of a sensation : a whole band of one name, almost of one single family. And they were as cocksure as fowls on their own muckle.

They began the Mendelssohn wonderfully, exactly as Alf had always directed, half-drunkenly, dreamily, almost ethereally. They could have played it standing on their heads. And then, about half way through, it happened. Tolstoy has related how, learning to ride a bicycle, he kept his eye on a lady in a frenzied effort to avoid her and only succeeded at once in knocking her down. Sep Chipperfield did the same thing.

Having striven for so long not to play the grace note, he only succeeded in playing it. And that afternoon, in the big concert hall, he not only played it, but played it well and truly, revengefully, with a kind of stubborn defiance against his sons and Mendelssohn and all who were listening. The minute the Chipperfields heard they knew that they were lost. They were furious. They went straight to pieces. They finished up like a lot of demoralized rag-timers at a circus.

Afterwards they went for the old man like dogs. Alf threatened to bust his cornet. The spit coming out of fifteen instruments was like acid.

" He played the damn thing a-purpose ! Played it a-purpose. By God ", Alf said, " I'd pawn my instrument and lose the ticket ".

The old man could say nothing. He just stood in the middle of them with open mouth, broken up, dumb.

" You wanted to smash the band ", Harry said, " and now you've smashed it. Well, I'm finished ".

" And me ", Alf said.

They were all finished. It was the last time the Chipperfields played together as a band. Their pride was smashed. It was

almost the last time they came together as a family too. Both Alf and Harry said they were never going home again, and gradually, one by one, the rest of the sons got married and gave up going too. In a year or two the family unity was broken as surely and irrevocably as the family pride had been.

And Sep could not bear it. It was a little thing, but it broke him up. Within a year it killed him. Any other family would have laughed at a little thing like a grace note. But not the Chipperfields. For them it was no joke at all.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRAHMS

By Ethel Smyth

THANKS to a broadcast and one thing and another, it seems to have become known that in my youth I saw a great deal of Johannes Brahms, which probably accounts for the arrival of a quite unexpected present, Dr. Karl Geiringer's biography of the master—a book that appeared in 1934, and under the title of *Brahms, his Life and Work*, has recently been published in admirable translation by Messrs. George Allen and Unwin.

Being incurious as regards the lives of great composers—a point of view one states without defending it—this is the first Brahms biography that has come into my hands ; and as a result of fluttering the pages of the human section of it I find myself struggling with a sense of bewilderment, and even recalling an ancient anecdote about a Hungarian (Hungarians are a favourite butt in Austria) who commissioned a painter to make a portrait of his father—a gentleman unknown to the artist of whom no photograph existed and who had died some years ago. Feature by feature the son described his parent, begged the artist, another Hungarian, to do his best, and went off to America on business. On his return, after gazing speechlessly for some minutes at the result, he was heard murmuring " But dear and honoured Papa . . . how sadly changed art thou ! "

Some such sensation would come over anyone who, having first met the composer in his middle life, reads of a gay affectionate adolescent, and a little farther on of an expansive easily approachable young fellow of about twenty-five called Johannes Brahms. When first I met him he was forty-five—an age at which character and peculiarities are set; and though, if you saw him often enough, golden glints from a golden heart occasionally worked up to the surface, that surface was painfully rough and the manner steeped in an uneasy irony that often degenerated into downright rudeness.

No doubt if one read this book carefully from cover to cover,

one might discover how and why the warm-hearted hero-worshipping Johannes of his third decade turned into the bear of genius he was in 1878. But having been often told that personal recollections of distinguished people are more likely to interest the majority of readers and convey a livelier sense of the person concerned than ever so ingenious analyses of their pedigrees, moral views, and artistic aims; remembering, too, that such was the opinion of a no less serious-minded searcher after truth than Dr. Johnson, it is wisest to stifle reflections that might give pause even to a hardened autobiographer and jot down a few impressions of an English girl, suddenly hurled in the last quarter of the nineteenth century into the very thick of German music life.

* * *

As regards Brahms, my first reaction, as related elsewhere, was the mingled joy and terror with which I saw this demi-god, whose music had swept me off my feet in England, being steered in my direction by a recently acquired London friend, George Henschel, who was a very old friend of Brahms. It happened at the close of what had been a rather stormy rehearsal of the master's new D major symphony, conducted by himself at the Leipzig Gewandhaus; and I have confessed that his first remark, "So this is the young lady who composes songs and sonatas without having studied counterpoint!" was taken by me in my innocence for a compliment and that I was flattered to the point of delirium. Not till weeks later did I find out that the words were spoken in irony, Brahms being absolutely convinced that the manuscripts Henschel had shown him were Henschel's own work!

At that rehearsal for the first time I set eyes on the beautiful Frau Elisabeth von Herzogenberg. When in Leipzig, a town he execrated, Brahms always stayed with the Herzogenbergs, and I noticed how deftly, sympathetically, yet humorously this already celebrated woman was soothing the composer's ruffled plumes. For the orchestra, then living on its Mendelssohnian reputation and wrongly considering itself the finest band in Germany, was, with the exception of two or three of its members, bitterly anti-Brahms, and at one moment the rehearsal had seemed likely to end in a major "unpleasant incident".

In the course of this, my first Leipzig winter, I became the one and only pupil of Heinrich von Herzogenberg—probably the leading contrapuntist of the universe—and to all intents and purposes the adopted child of "Frau Lisl", as most of her intimates called her. This brilliantly gifted, extraordinarily fascinating woman was a superb musician, capable after one hearing of running up a piano version of any new score Brahms happened to have in his portfolio. Occasionally he would even consult her about the vocal line of a new song, and his sojourns in their flat were looked forward to by them both with excitement and delight.

Nevertheless entertaining Brahms was rather a tough proposition. Not as regards the catering, though, like all artists, he was greedy, for Lisl was a superb cook and came to know and invent new readings of every dish he loved; rushing away from the music-room to give a timely pat to the *soufflé* . . . rushing back again, her golden hair standing erect from the heat of the oven, to cry: "That movement once more; that much you owe me!" And later when all had settled down at the table, in true German Hausfrau fashion she would pick out and dump on his plate all the biggest truffles in the *foie gras* . . . a proceeding which secretly enraged me. No one idolised Brahms's music more than I, but not to the point of foregoing my rightful share of the truffles.

It was later in the day that his hostess's difficulties began. To entertain the many prominent musicians who came from afar to do him honour, and who of course flocked to the Herzogenberg's flat, would have been a pleasure as well as a privilege, were it not for the necessity of constantly saving some of these, and more particularly their female belongings, from the awkward pleasantries their homage too often called forth. One such incident here jumps back into my memory, but I should preface by saying that a standard literary figure of that day was a certain "Frau Buchholz", caricature of the typical pretentious, would-be-cultured, Berlin *bourgeoise*. Well, a certain obscure old maid of Leipzig, very shy but supremely musical, rashly endeavoured to thank him for the raptures a new quartet of his had given her. An exaggerated bow from the waist warned one that something unpleasant was coming . . . "And so", he said, "the

gracious Miss approves of my poor work, and will perhaps deign to point out its beauties at the next coffee-party she honours with her presence. For, as Frau Buchholz observes, music is not only an elevating thing in itself, but the handiest of subjects for excellent ladies like you to let loose among the cups and sandwiches at a *Kaffee-Klatsch* ".

In her own house, thanks to a quick watchful eye, ready tact, and the courage of a lovely and privileged woman, Lisl was sometimes able to strangle these onslaughts in their birth, or, if too late for that, would throw her shield between tormentor and victim ; but not too often, for the chief point was to nurse the master's good humour. Indeed when another peculiarity of his came into play—(generally it would happen at the conclusion of a meal)—when, as I have elsewhere described, he approached some pretty girl, pouted out his lips, and stroked his moustache, the while gazing at her gloatingly, and apparently refraining with difficulty from more marked attentions—I noticed that many hostesses welcomed these signs and wonders as proof that the great man was enjoying himself. But one can imagine the feelings of frigid England at such a spectacle !

No doubt this sort of thing was more or less traditional in the German artistic world. One remembers how, according to Bettina von Arnim, Beethoven crammed down his hat, folded his arms, and deliberately scattered a Grand Ducal party right and left as they were strolling down the promenade at Ischl, and how he afterwards jeered at Goethe, a civilized being, for stepping aside and raising his hat. I suppose Hans von Bülow, and other well-bred friends of Brahms, accepted his manners as part of the frequentation of genius. But I remember what a revelation it was to me when I made friends with Tchaikovsky and Grieg to find that celebrated musicians can also be great gentlemen.

To me, for Lisl's sake, Brahms was always kind and fatherly ; none the less the very first time we met under that roof he caused hackles to rise that time was powerless to lay flat. Lisl had let him know what a serious musician I was, and had also recounted a successful exploit of mine—a proof of passionate zeal on his behalf that was far more daring than she realized. Enraptured by the *Liebeslieder Waltzes*, recently introduced to London,

I, who lived in the country, had contrived to get hold of and train five amateurs, of whom two were officers from Aldershot Camp, and had pulled off a really admirable home performance of that exquisite work, though few of the audience except my deeply musical mother were worthy of the occasion. Brahms referred good naturedly to this event, spoiling all, however, by adding " And did you jump over the chairs, back and all, between whiles ? For Henschel tells me that when not turning out musical masterpieces this is your chief occupation ? " Here Lisl intervened : " Ethel is a very serious musician ", she cried, " and I won't have her teased and laughed at ". " *Laughed at !* " cried Brahms, " do you mean to say you yourself would ask a nice little girl who is singing love songs with a lieutenant *not* to have a nice little flirtation with him ? " Whereupon he proceeded in characteristically heavy-footed fashion to elaborate the joke, describing how when singing *Am Donau Strande*—a number the gist of which is " Love laughs at locksmiths "—the contralto (myself) would be irresistibly impelled to tip the tenor warrior a wink and leap over a chair back. Herzogenberg, as great a gentleman as contrapuntist, turned it off as well as he could, but most of Brahms's followers were of another class ; and among these the habit of admiring everything he said and did was so ingrained, that probably none imagined that sort of pleasantry could make one's blood boil.

Worse was to follow. Becoming acquainted by degrees with the German angle towards women, I had made Lisl promise, in spite of his good-natured suggestions, never, never to show Brahms any of my work. One day, however, coming in unexpectedly, I caught her playing to him, as one of the recent finds of the Bach Society, a little two-part *Invention* in the Bach manner which I had written as an exercise. It was a mere piece of mimicry such as any clever pupil could pull off, but Brahms was completely taken in, and when she had finished exclaimed : " What a fellow that Bach is ! In his day who but he would have dared to put in that C sharp ! " . . . and so on . . . Whereupon Lisl, carried away, forgot her promise and pointing to the form that was hovering uncertainly in the doorway, exclaimed : " There stands the Bach who composed that *Invention* ! Now then ! What do you say to that ! " In his

astonishment, Brahms, who was notoriously indulgent to young musicians, picked up the little manuscript and began commenting very kindly on an ingenious turn here, an original little bit of counterpoint there; whereupon I also lost my head, and, referring to a recent dispute with Herzogenberg, who found me a hard-working but self-willed pupil, asked Brahms if it were not permissible now and then, "if you felt like it", to end on the dominant—a technical point the elucidation of which I will spare lay-readers.

Forthwith the light changed. Given to maintaining that woman's first duty in life is to be a fascinating toy ("*ein charmantes Spielzeug*") Brahms suddenly realized that he was talking to a girl, and with the air of a kindly father chaffing his bumptious infant, he replied: "End anywhere you like, my dear child. It's not of the slightest importance. Or if you prefer it never end at all!"

I don't think I ever forgave him this early initiation into the heart of male prejudice, for I swear his appreciation of the little *Invention*, even after he had learned its authorship, was genuine. And as a matter of fact it really was a jolly, ingenious little affair, which, if written by a boy, would as likely as not have been autographed by the passionately revered master as a memento!

* * *

Turning the pages of this biography, I have found clues to things I knew about but never quite understood, and on the other hand can supply the key to a few incidents that puzzle the author. For instance, the cooling off of the friendship with the Herzogenbergs is ascribed by Dr. Geiringer to the fact that in the years that preceded Lisl's death (1892) the health of both her and her husband was failing; and rightly holding that his first duty was to tend the flame of his genius, Brahms had no use for invalids. But already in 1885 the lute had sprung a rift, inasmuch as Brahms was bored by Herzogenberg's compositions. And though that noble-hearted, least self-seeking of composers made no bid for his friend's interest nor betrayed resentment at its lack, the great man's obvious indifference to the cantatas, symphonies and chamber works put forth by her husband in pitiless profusion cut his wife to the heart. Now

Lisl, like Brahms, was spoiled — how should so gifted, so fascinating a being escape it ?—and at times she could be very insistent. Thus one day, probably when the wind was in the east and both were nerve-rasped, she tried to wring from him a note of appreciation it was not in him to give, and elicited a remark of terrific candour. Whereupon Lisl wept, and Brahms, seized with remorse, kissed her hand again and again and nearly wept too.

But from a letter of Frau Schumann's which I read somewhere, she herself being by that time a little alienated from her once adored Lisl, I gather that the wound never really healed. " O how wise you are ", she writes, " never to have married ! Composers' wives are generally intolerable nuisances, and Lisl has now become *ungeniessbar* " (that is, one whose friendship is no longer enjoyable), " for ever arguing and insisting on the merits of Herzogenberg's compositions, and uttering lamentations at their neglect ". One sees the whole thing ; poor Lisl living in dread that her adored Heinrich might become a cripple, and possessed by the idea that these two powerful friends, Brahms and Frau Schumann, were not doing enough for his music ! Yet they, on their side, how could they push work that left them cold ?

Again in this book I find confirmation of something I had seen coming on at Leipzig, that the subject of the marital relations of the Joachims became a bone of contention between the Herzogenbergs and Brahms, he being one of the persons—and there were many—who believed that Joachim's suspicion of Simrock and his wife was a case of jealous mania.

A year or two before this matter was being publicly discussed I was in Berlin, having been invited to what turned out to be a rather rowdy Christmas Eve supper party at the Joachims', and my liking for Frau Joachim (a magnificent warm-blooded artist) was slightly chilled by seeing her slip under the table armed with a hat pin, a yell presently proclaiming that the objective was one of Simrock's skinny calves. Yet my impression that, however unseemly, the whole thing was quite harmless, was confirmed by the fact that Joachim sat blandly smiling at his end of the table and uttered no protest.

I confess I had never really liked Joachim, suspecting him of

being abnormally " canny ", not wholly disinterested, and a moral coward. And in all probability, even if not attracted by the warm human element in his wife, my sympathies would have been wholly with the woman, whereas at the Herzogenbergs the changes were rung dispassionately on the deplorable weakness of the husband's character and the incautious behaviour of the wife. Yet Lisl's emotions were powerfully stirred by the thought of a mother threatened for such an inadequate reason with possible separation from her children, and neither of them believed there was really anything wrong.

Then Brahms came along. An ardent believer in Frau Joachim's innocence he spoke almost violently of this cruel obsession of her husband's, referring also to a tendency to suspiciousness and " morbid jealousy " often displayed by Joachim on occasions that had nothing to do with matters marital. And in a letter to Frau Joachim, which is published in this book and which I had never come across elsewhere, he explains that for that reason he had always declined to accept a post in any town that would involve constant intercourse with her husband.

This letter is the best justification I ever hit upon of my own instinct as regards Joachim ; but we English, who enjoy giving unbridled rein to a " generous " emotion, who rather shrink from close study of its basis and who made a god of " Jo ", know nothing about the other side of the medal. Frau Joachim produced this letter in court, and it is said to have powerfully swayed the judge who pronounced her innocence ; all of which so infuriated Joachim, that for many years he refused to meet Brahms, though the quarrel (which seems to have been more or less patched up later) was never allowed to affect his devotion to Brahms's music.

Eventually when Herzogenberg was invited by Joachim to become Professor of Composition at the Berlin Hochschule, he and Lisl found it was a case of choosing between the abused, discredited, socially not quite satisfactory wife, and the suave, popular, gentlemanlike and powerful " injured husband ", who was a State official and all that such a position implies. I am told that Lisl's defection finally broke poor Frau Joachim's heart ; and though I tried, and still try, to be fair to her, reminding myself how ardently she had always longed to see Herzogenberg's

gifts recognized, nevertheless in a certain sense this defection gave me more pain than her abandonment of me—for which after all there was more excuse, and which was imperiously demanded of her by her whole family.

I will only add that if the sad story of the Joachims has been retold here, it is because I feel certain it must have played a great part in the estrangement between the warm-hearted, loyal Brahms and the Herzogenbergs. Anyhow, after reading that letter to Frau Joachim I love Brahms as I never did before.

* * *

But if Brahms complained of touchiness and suspiciousness on the part of Joachim, his own record shows the same blemish. When his whole-hearted admirer Hermann Levi was appointed Director of the Munich Opera, and by degrees turned into a passionate Wagnerite (to be entrusted later by Wagner with the first performance of *Parsifal*) Brahms refused to believe the conversion was genuine. There was a violent quarrel, and the one who declined to make it up was Brahms. Probably Levi already held his subsequent opinion (one I shared) that much of his output in middle life was on a lower inspirational plane than his early work—and after all only the very greatest creators —Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Shakespeare and such-like—go on growing to the end. And perhaps Brahms read the unspoken thought in his friend's heart and could not forgive. But how anyone who knew Levi could charge him with even unconscious insincerity, let alone deliberate tampering with his artistic convictions, passes comprehension; and I am afraid I agree with Dr. Geiringer that Brahms must have *desired* to think ill of Levi.

There were other broken friendships—a rupture even with his staunchest admirer and friend, the noble-hearted surgeon Billroth; and though, as in the case of Joachim, the pieces were put together again, the old confidence and cordiality were gone for ever.

From this book I learned what I never knew, that as a young man Brahms had been in love with Frau Schumann; and also that when her husband died he made no bid for the vacant post, no doubt feeling that the celibate life was best for his creative genius! With Frau Schumann he was at his very best,

as it might be a loving, deeply admiring son who never resented the fiery criticism with which her passion for his work was sometimes tempered. "Why tack on that quite unnecessary extra bar?" she remarked of the theme of his D Major Piano Variations. At which, though young and a nobody, I could not refrain from expressing my passionate admiration of that divine appendage to an already wide-winged tune. "Ah ha!" said Brahms, chaffing her, "you see I have youth with me!" "Which only proves", cried Frau Schumann, "that you have perverted even this child, whose association with the Herzogenbergs would, I hoped, protect her from new-fangled extravagancies!" But when Lisl, who as a rule avoided controversy, confessed that she also adored the "tacked-on" bar, Frau Schumann threw up her hands in a despair which I fancied was only half genuine; in short it was permissible to hope for a conversion by and by.

After my severance from the Herzogenbergs I saw Brahms only rarely; but once very effectively at the flat of his friend Adolf Brodsky in Leipzig. They were rehearsing the F Minor piano quintet and I was turning over, when suddenly the door burst open and in dashed my huge half-bred St. Bernard, who had got bored waiting in the street three floors below, and now, upsetting the cellist's deck in his stride, dived under the piano and pushed in between me and Brahms. Fortunately no harm was done and I then saw what I had never thought to see, Brahms laughing as uproariously as a school boy. He declared that since he was a child with a devouring passion for the harlequinade in the pantomime, he had seen nothing to equal that exploit of Marco's.

This particular scene was played a couple of years after I lost Lisl. Whenever Brahms and I met no allusion was made to the breach, but his delicate kindness, the way he contrived to make me feel that his friendship and sympathy were even warmer than before I shall never forget. Indeed having always known that his heart was of pure gold, I should suffer remorse for dwelling at such length on his shortcomings, were it not that, as hinted above, I think the sole thing a creative artist should be judged by is his artistic legacy.

In some ways his work reminds me of Donne's; the emotion so evidently of the deep eternal kind, the expression at times

so easy to find fault with. By which I mean that in the composer one is aware of a certain indifference to sensuous beauty which betrays itself in his orchestration; in the poet of a lack of musicality that mars line upon line of his poems. But whereas Brahms in his great modesty would sometimes say that a hundred years after his death he would rank as mere scholastic, enough water has now flowed under the bridge for us to be certain that his music satisfies one of the everlasting cravings of musical hearts.

* * *

The last act of his life-drama, over which his biographer passes lightly, is sad to think of. Scarcely on the threshold of old age, at last enjoying full recognition, softened, humanized, rendered relatively easy in intercourse by the lapse of years, he was called upon to face death; and like a child fetched by the nurse at bedtime, he wept and protested he did not want to go. I knew he was an unbeliever, yet should have fancied the Socratic attitude towards death might well have been that of the composer of the *Requiem*. Perhaps those who were with him to the last might be able to tell us that at the very end it was so.

Be that as it may, sometimes when my thoughts hover over the spot in Vienna where his bones are enshrined, even as visible aeroplanes send us smoke messages from the sky, I fancy an invisible finger is tracing words in the air above that grave. And the words, written again and again, are: "Well done, good and faithful servant".

DON ROBERTO

Memories of R. B. Cunninghame Graham

By A. F. Tschiffely

TO the vast majority of people the death of Cunninghame Graham meant nothing, but with the passing of time his name, like that of his friend, W. H. Hudson, is surely destined to grow. These two writers were the first to bring before the English public something of the colour and special fascination of South America, which hitherto had been singularly little known. Cunninghame Graham, as we shall see, had a great diversity of interests, but I think I am right in saying that the memory of both men will always be associated with South America, not only for their masterly descriptions of the country, but because both have penetrated deeply into the minds of the peoples who inhabit these far-away lands. Of the affection in which Cunninghame Graham was held by them there could be no more touching evidence than the scenes that accompanied the embarkation of his body at Buenos Aires for England. Hundreds of Argentines, of every rank and station in life, followed the hearse, behind which walked the two faithful horses which a few years ago had carried me through the three Americas.

Only a few days before his death he made a pilgrimage to Hudson's birthplace near Buenos Aires, little dreaming that he was soon to follow his old friend into the great unknown which, as he often put it, he rather hoped than expected would be an ever-green prairie, where overworked horses enjoyed their well-earned rest, roaming and galloping about with fresh breezes playing with their manes and tails.

A few years ago (it seems like a dream of yesterday), when I was about to return to South America after many long and unsuccessful attempts to place my manuscript of *Tschiffely's Ride* with some publisher, I received a telegram, inviting me to have

lunch in the Spanish restaurant in Swallow Street. As I read the name of the sender, I could hardly believe my eyes. Although I was acquainted with some of Cunninghame Graham's books, I felt, as so many other people must have done, and probably still do, that this personage was some kind of a myth, and not a man who really existed in the flesh. Next day, when I entered the restaurant and he rose from the table at which he had been waiting for me and gripped both my hands, I instinctively realized that I had met a man who would soon become a friend. As we sat there I could not fail to admire the romantic appearance of my host, whose thin aquiline nose, flowing mane of white hair and pointed moustaches and beard were those of a figure which might have just walked out of the frame of one of Velasquez's masterpieces.

We had not been sitting long when, upon my addressing my host as Mr. Cunninghame Graham, he looked at me, and, with an inimitable gesture, said in Spanish, " Please, from now on call me Don Roberto. I hope you will do me this favour, for I prefer friends to call me by that name ".

After this I had to answer numerous questions and talk about my ride through the three Americas. What especially struck me about my new friend was his amazing memory. Even when we were speaking about remote corners and almost unknown South American villages and *rancherias* that he had ridden through fifty or sixty years before we met, he remembered names of people and other details so perfectly that it was almost uncanny to listen to him.

How it came about, I do not remember, but as we conversed, I happened to mention Mar del Plata, a luxurious Argentine seaside resort where cattle kings and other millionaires—as well as many *infelices* who delight to ape the rich—assemble during the summer months.

" Oh, Mar del Plata ", he exclaimed with an elegant gesture which would have made any other person look ridiculous, " Mar del Plata, today the Deauville of South America. I remember it quite well ; but not as a town with rows of palatial villas, white-aproned *mozos* serving cocktails and caviare to the *élite*—whatever that means. In my time there were no orchestras playing tangos or jazz, no Rolls-Royces, fashion parades, golf

and polo tournaments ; but yet, I'd rather remember the place as it was when I first saw it . . . ."

Don Roberto stopped talking, and as he passed his fingers through his flowing white hair a far-away look came into his keen brown eyes.

" Yes ", he continued after a pause, " many years have passed since I was in Mar del Plata ; and I shall never forget that occasion. I was sleeping out in the pampa, curled up on the *cojinillos* (sheep-skins) of my *recao* (Argentine saddle) when the snorting and stamping of my *pingo*, which was staked out close to where I lay, suddenly awakened me. At first I could detect nothing wrong, but on putting my ear to the ground, I distinctly heard the trampling of many hoofs. Realizing only too well what this meant, I leapt on my nervous horse, bareback, and raced for dear life ; and, as Allah willed, I arrived at a small fortified settlement, Mar del Plata, only a few minutes ahead of the Indians, who were striking their hands on their mouths as they galloped round and round the stockade, swaying like centaurs on their horses, and brandishing their long lances ".

Don Roberto checked his reminiscent mood while he lit one of his favourite black Brazilian cigarettes, which are wrapped up in a maize leaf instead of paper ; then after watching the smoke curl towards the ceiling, he suddenly continued : " In those days I looked almost like an Indian, for my skin was scorched by the sun and the strong winds, and I let my hair grow long, as was the custom among the *gauchos* in those days. Down to here ", he added, pointing at one of his elbows.

The waiters must have been thinking that we would continue to talk until dinner time, but finally we rose, and wandered towards Hyde Park where my newly made friend showed me the Hudson Memorial which, I must add, gave me an unpleasant shock.

Weeks, months, and years passed with amazing rapidity, and during this time my friendship with Don Roberto became firmer and firmer, for we had a great deal in common. Off and on, I spent many days with him, discussing every imaginable subject, or merely chatting about the past ; and when we were in the right mood for it we exchanged anecdotes, of which my friend had an inexhaustible store.

In serious matters, Cunninghame Graham had convictions, not mere opinions ; and this was the cause, I imagine, of his differences with his old friend Bernard Shaw, for when the disinterested crusader thought he had a legitimate grievance, he hit hard and straight from the shoulder, whereas Shaw merely tickled.

The books, symmetrically and tightly packed in rows along the shelves in Cunninghame Graham's study at Ardoch, his home in Scotland, were known to their owner almost by heart. If ever an argument arose during my delightful visits there, he would jump up from his chair like a steel spring uncoiling, and immediately produce a book in which, within a few moments, he found the passage he looked for to prove the accuracy of his amazing memory. From the oldest Spanish manuscripts down to the works of modern writers, he was familiar with every work of importance, for he was a great and very quick reader. At first he would discuss the latest books written by English writers, and then, suddenly, he would refer to the works of Spanish, French, Italian, and Latin-American authors, with many of whom he was constantly in correspondence. Of modern American writers very few appealed to him. He was wont to refer to the " incomprehensible " language in which most of them wrote and to draw contrasts between journalism and literature. This, probably, is the reason why he placed Hudson so high. " Poor Hudson ", I have often heard him say, " he was a great artist ".

Cunninghame Graham went to the Argentine at the age of seventeen, having had the advantage of speaking Spanish from his childhood. There he lived with relatives who owned a ranch, but, tiring of this life, he suddenly decided to roam through the wilderness of the pampas, where he met with countless adventures. He has left us vivid pictures of the conditions prevailing in those wild parts of the world in the " early " days. The traveller often found that he must proceed with care, every now and again feeling for his rifle, for, as anyone knows who has wandered alone through the cactus forests of Paraguay and Brazil, Indians might be standing behind the cactus plants, which have an almost human look, making men behind them so invisible that

you might easily find yourself right in their midst without the slightest warning.

After twenty years of adventures, mixed with bitter disappointments, Don Roberto tried his luck in North America, and rode over the arid plains of Texas. Later his wagon train slowly moved over the hot inhospitable *meseta* of Mexico—dangerous country in those days, for the Indians were constantly on the war-path, vainly trying to defend their land against the invading white man. In Mexico City on one occasion, the courageous traveller found himself penniless, but by no means at the end of his resources. Having thought over his predicament, he decided to make use of his skill in the *jeu de pointe*, for at one time he had taken fourth place in the international fencing championship in Paris. Thus it came about that Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham, the adventurous Scottish laird, opened, under the name of " Professor Bontini ", an *académie d'escrime* in the capital of Mexico ; and when he had saved enough money, he set out on the long and dangerous return journey to New Orleans on the Mississippi, from where he sailed back to England to become—a Member of Parliament !

It needs no great effort of the imagination to realize the effect produced when this handsome aristocratic Scot, rider of wild horses, scholar, big-hearted and disinterested man of the world, disturbed the stuffy atmosphere of the House of Commons in the 'eighties. The frock-coated and severely respectable occupants of the green benches were at first not a little shocked by the outbursts of their new member. But soon stout-hearted Tory gentlemen, who at first had been almost hurt by the ideals for which Cunninghame Graham fought so valiantly, came to like him, not only for himself, but for his unexpected qualities. Here was a fiery democrat who not only spoke Spanish, French, Portuguese, and Italian, and had an affection for Arabic, but often rode down to the House on " Pampa ", his Argentine mustang. Frequently a sluggish House was startled by the spectacle of this Velasquez reincarnation interrupting a speaker with a remark that perhaps had nothing to do with politics, but which was uttered with the fierce indignation of a Swift. If nothing else, Cunninghame Graham was at one and the same time the *enfant terrible* and the spoiled child of the House of Commons—a com-

bination which, I am told, is not uncommon in that assembly.

So much has been written about the famous riot in Trafalgar Square (1887) and Cunninghame Graham's subsequent imprisonment (he had led the rush against overwhelming forces of police and Life Guards) that I will not repeat what many people already know. In a sense we should be grateful for what happened, for we owe to the two months that he spent within the walls of Holloway Prison the fine sketch *Sursum Corda*.

His parliamentary career ended, Cunninghame Graham longed for more adventure and so, on hearing rumours about a city in the interior of Morocco where no white man had been, the place being sacred and forbidden to infidels, he at once decided to enter it, disguised as a Turkish doctor. Taken prisoner, he saved his life by telling his captors that he was not a Christian, but a member of that Scottish body called the " U.P.'s " (United Presbyterians). Instead of ill-treating their captive, whose god had so attractive a name, these sons of the desert allowed Don Roberto to " play powder " with them and display his horsemanship in that dashing and headlong sport which is peculiar to this people.

Some years later Cunninghame Graham was regularly to be seen in the library of the British Museum, digging into archives of Spain and South America, diligently collecting data for the books he wrote : books dealing chiefly with Spanish and Latin-American history. Then for a time he returned to the scenes of his earlier activities with a congenial mission. He was sixty-two years of age when, on the outbreak of the Great War, he was sent to the Americas to buy horses, mules and cattle. During his return journey the ship in which he was travelling was torpedoed in the English Channel, an event which greatly delighted his adventurous soul.

Right up to the time when I saw him depart from Paddington Station, on his last journey to South America, he took a lively interest in everything and, in spite of his eighty-four years, he could still sit a horse with the best. His pen was never idle and just before he died he produced *Mirages*, a book which shows little falling off in his powers.

His death on the old trails he loved so much was a fitting end to a remarkable life.

INQUEST ON BROADCASTING

By Hilda Matheson

A YEAR ago eight men and one woman were charged by the Postmaster-General to consider the constitution, control, and finance of British broadcasting, and to advise generally on the conditions which should govern its conduct after the expiry of the existing Charter at the end of 1936. The fifty pages in which the results of their considerations are embodied do not rank among the first flights of blue book interest or eloquence. The report is dull. Its authors interpreted the terms of reference in their narrowest sense. They attempted neither a wide sweep in their survey, nor a thorough investigation of details. So far as can be gathered, they did not take serious stock of public opinion regarding the B.B.C. They contented themselves with giving notice in the press that communications might be addressed to them within a period of thirty days by those who cared to send them.

The list of witnesses is more remarkable for its omissions than for its inclusions. It contains only six officers of the Corporation besides Sir John Reith, and only one programme officer, Dr. Adrian Boult. Although school broadcasting is discussed at some length, the Chairman of the Council for School Broadcasting does not seem to have been invited to give evidence. The enquiry, in short, was a minimum enquiry, which only scratched the surface of a large subject, and most of the recommendations could have been written down beforehand by a good psychologist acquainted with the personnel of the Committee and the circumstances of the investigation.

The reasons for all this are fairly obvious. Busy people do not voluntarily take on more work than they can help. The Committee itself, whether by accident or design, did not include any notably dynamic personalities. The most discerning criticisms are contained, as might have been expected, in some of Mr. Attlee's reservations; but Labour Party criticism has,

on the whole, always been more interested in the conditions of political broadcasts than in wider questions of general broadcasting policy and direction. There is little doubt, however, that the main reason for a cursory and respectful enquiry was a reluctance to meddle with the private affairs of a national institution which has won an established position in the country, and a feeling that it would be ungracious to cavil unduly when there was so much to admire.

Despite all protestations to the contrary, the B.B.C. does not love criticism when it touches questions of policy ; and it is not surprising that the Committee decided to spread itself over constitution and finance (in which fields it supported the B.B.C.'s own views) and to walk delicately when it came to control and direction. " The internal organization of the service is a matter generally within the discretion of the Corporation." But the members of the Committee may well have felt surprise when the B.B.C. issued a series of " Observations " simultaneously with the publication of the Report by the Stationery Office, taking exception in terms which can only be called patronizing even to mild points of criticism contained in the Report ; no doubt they felt reassured when the Corporation was sharply criticized, in Parliament and outside, for this procedure.

The Report met with a good reception in the press, its praises being coupled with the name of the B.B.C. Editors were glad of an opportunity to express public thanks to a national institution and a national figure. It was a pleasure to know that our B.B.C. would probably continue on the familiar lines ; that it stood so high in world estimation ; that it successfully combined prudence with idealism, and achieved both intellectual and ethical integrity. The British public develops an affection for its institutions and likes to feel proud of them. In this instance it is well aware what it owes to a Director-General with courage and a strong personality, and it was glad to read praises of his work.

The trouble is that when the British reach the stage of affection and sentiment about something, whether a national game or a public building, they sometimes come to regard criticism as bad form. In regard to broadcasting, which represents, among other things, a monopoly in broadcast speech, it would

be unfortunate in the extreme if public enquiry and criticism ever came to be regarded as *lèse majesté*, or even as indelicate. Nothing would in fact do a greater disservice to broadcasting itself : the true friend, in this case, is the candid friend. This applies even to the very question of internal organization, which the Ullswater Committee was chary of touching. The B.B.C., as an institution, is an important experiment in a new type of administrative machinery for managing a national concern. It may serve as a model, with variations, for other national services which cannot be managed effectively by direct Parliamentary control and a Civil Service department. If the B.B.C. is an experiment in organization, then it is important that the fact should be recognized and the results studied. It provides, in fact, a trying-out ground for learning to combine two important and not easily reconcilable principles : (*a*) relative freedom from party politics and Government interference, and (*b*) sensitivity to public criticism and to ultimate public control, through Parliament and through listeners' opinion.

In two important respects, the Committee have made recommendations which most people hoped and expected they would make. They urge the continuance of the Corporation on its present basis, with no concessions to advertising or other outside commercial interests. Whatever may be the case in America, there is little doubt that the majority of listeners here do not want to be beholden to tooth-pastes or cigarettes for their entertainment or information, nor to be reminded of the fact, however discreetly, in announcements.

The Committee are on more controversial ground when they recommend the transfer of the relay exchanges now run by private enterprise to the Post Office and the B.B.C. These exchanges are large distributors of the foreign advertisement programmes. There is a natural affinity, though actual connection is disclaimed, between the commercial interests concerned in the development of sponsored programmes for English consumption, and those concerned with the spread of relay exchanges. The recommendation to bring this new and growing vested interest under control is a logical consequence of the monopoly principle ; but some people may regret it, as they may regret any absence of a competitive factor in broadcasting.

It is a serious business to give complete and final powers of selection and rejection to a single authority. But once the advantages of public service broadcasting have been accepted, it would be inconsistent to countenance a commercially owned and operated system which might jeopardize the future of the Corporation.

The other recommendation which will be specially welcomed is that which implements the finding of the Crawford Committee in 1925, that the B.B.C. should receive from the licence fees an income thoroughly adequate " to ensure the full and efficient maintenance and development of the service ". In 1935 the B.B.C., after paying income-tax on its gross revenue, had 5s. 2d. to spend on these purposes out of each 10s. licence, a sum which had to cover new departures like television and the Empire service. The Committee propose that the Corporation should in future receive not less than 75 per cent. of the net licence revenue, after deduction of Post Office costs of collection. With increasing liabilities for a twenty-four hours' overseas service —which, it is now suggested, should include transmissions in other languages besides English—and the need for constant improvement and extensions in technical equipment and in programmes, this renewed emphasis on the principle that the Exchequer should not make a profit out of the broadcasting service is very welcome.

The central problem of public service broadcasting in a a democratic country is freedom : positively, this means freedom of expression for differing schools of thought in all activities, i.e., in art, literature, and music no less than in politics, economics, and social philosophy ; and negatively, the avoidance of bureaucratic rigidity, or tyranny. With all that may be laid to the credit of the B.B.C.—and it is much—this problem has not yet been solved. There is, of course, no ready-made solution: the price of freedom is still eternal vigilance. The American warning still has its point. " I will concede ", said Mr. William Hard, " that European governmental broadcasting [in which he inaccurately included all public corporation broadcasting] generally exceeds American private broadcasting in the potential cultivation of good taste—by a graceful margin. I will contend

that American private broadcasting exceeds European governmental broadcasting, in any European country, in the potential cultivation of free citizenship—by a vital margin ".

The Ullswater Committee strike their blow for freedom by stressing the importance of direct access by the B.B.C. to all sources of news, of elasticity in times and methods of presenting news, of the fullest development of controversial broadcasts (including minority views, however unpopular), and of microphone facilities for critics of the B.B.C. All of these points are important, though there are ways of honouring the last two more in the breach than the observance. But the Committee skate evasively over the fundamental connection between courageous programmes and effective programme personnel and organization, and it is not clear whether they fully appreciated the importance of the staff issue in relation to programme policy.

Whenever committees of experts, national or international, get together to consider the right use of broadcasting, they always come back in the last resort to the question of personnel. It is upon the programme staff that responsibility rests for ideas, and for their execution and interpretation. The key people in broadcasting are the creative officers who propose, not the administrative officers who may dispose. There are always plenty of people capable of turning things down ; there is a limited supply with the combination of gifts and experience to invent and produce good radio. Courageous programmes depend upon the emphasis laid on these two functions. Dynamic individuals are notoriously difficult, mercurial, and intolerant of irksome restraints. They need skilful handling and a light rein. It was with some recognition of the fact that programme officers needed special consideration that the B.B.C. recently effected a complete divorce between creative and administrative staffs, and instituted a system of dyarchy which runs through the whole administration. While this was undertaken to relieve programme staff of vexatious routine, it is easy to see that it may also result in friction through excessive checking and counter-checking, and to something like a strangle-hold over creative officers.

The state of nervous tension associated with Broadcasting House has indeed become almost a stock joke. Some degree

of strain is inseparable from any large organization working at high pressure, in which there is jostling for place. It must be conceded that there is a large amount of enthusiasm for broadcasting. There is a great deal of personal kindness, considerateness and generosity towards individuals. Yet nervous breakdowns are not unknown, and a state of apprehension, uncertainty, irritation, afflicts many whose energies should properly be free to enjoy their work and to carry it on without anxiety or a sense of restraint. It is no secret that the B.B.C. have lost potential and actual staff, of a type most essential to them, on account of these things. In some departments the wastage has been such as to constitute almost a complete break in continuity, with much loss of valuable experience.

There is an impression gaining ground that the Corporation are now favouring the recruitment of young and inexperienced staff in the more difficult departments, in the hope, no doubt, that they will be biddable as well as inexpensive. While it is obviously sound policy for the B.B.C. to attract talent early, yet there is a major need to attract men and women with varied experience of life and work and qualities of personality which will fit them for the responsible business of making programmes, handling authorities much older than themselves, and recognizing the limits of their own knowledge. If initiative, independence, and originality are discouraged in these ranks, colourless programmes will result, and colourful people will suffer or go.

The Committee must have been aware of this state of things, although they avoided stating it or diagnosing it. They noted that the remuneration of the junior staff seemed adequate, and that of the higher staff not in excess of what was common in private enterprise; but they said nothing of the important range of medium posts, particularly in the programme division, in which the relation of salaries between administrative and programme personnel has never yet, I think, been satisfactorily settled. The mere hierarchical progression of administrative staff may lead to steady advances of a substantial kind, while the more co-operative position of programme staff may seem to leave them for ever at very much the same level, with only small annual increments. With these and other problems no doubt

in mind, the Committee recommended the formation of a staff association.

The Corporation note, in their published " Observations ", that the late Chairman, Mr. J. H. Whitley, originator of Whitley Councils though he was, himself decided that there was no case for such an organization in the B.B.C. This may well be true, but it does not dispose of the arguments for some more appropriate form of machinery. The difficulties are twofold. On the one hand, suggestions for a staff association have generally been regarded as savouring of disloyalty and almost equivalent to a vote of no confidence in the directorate. On the other hand, the forms of democratic government are not regarded with favour in any totalitarian state, and the B.B.C. is no exception to the rule. It is true that staff associations may be a bore ; they may take up time, make mountains out of molehills, provide platforms for grievance-mongers. But they have become an essential part of all large-scale organizations, and, if they are not shams, they can become a very useful piece of machinery. It should not be beyond the wit of man to devise some scheme appropriate to the B.B.C., which would help staff and directorate to understand each other better.

There is one other aspect of broadcasting freedom (or the reverse) which occupies the Committee's Report. This is the question of Parliamentary control. The B.B.C. seem to have suggested that their policy might more fittingly be entrusted to " a senior Cabinet Minister " free from heavy departmental responsibilities, rather than to the Postmaster-General, and the Committee accept this suggestion and pass it on. The motive, at any rate with the B.B.C., would seem to be added prestige ; but the proposal runs counter to all previous encouragement to B.B.C. governors to cultivate independence and to assume responsibility for their own actions. A Minister with leisure, and a mandate to occupy himself with B.B.C. programmes, might easily lead to friction with the B.B.C. Board or the Director-General or both, and to increasing timidity in programme policy.

It is good that the Committee should have recognized, in varying degrees, that the B.B.C. cannot shelve responsibility for the listening end to the extent which they have done in

the past. The main Report draws attention to the way in which the use of broadcasts to schools has been hampered by the absence of any standardized receiving set or maintenance arrangements, of good quality and low cost, and urges the B.B.C to consider with the wireless industry the provision of cheap sets for educational purposes and for the " poorer classes". There seems no reason why the B.B.C. should not invite tenders or institute a competition open to all designers for one or more " people's sets ", as has been done abroad. Mr. Attlee, Lord Elton and Mr. Clement Davis urge in a separate reservation that the B.B.C. should consider even more fundamentally this " weak spot of broadcasting ", and that the public interest motive should be extended to cover the provision of receiving sets either by the B.B.C. or by the Post Office.

It is, of course, true that, in spite of notable advances in the wireless industry, there is too little standardization and mass-production on the Ford model, and that good sets are consequently still a relative luxury. It is even more true that the public, particularly the large non-technical public, is often at the mercy of inefficient and unqualified dealers, stores, and mechanics in the matter of repairs and upkeep. It is one of the great attractions of the relay exchanges that they save the listener much expense and exasperation. The future may bring us wireless through our electric light system or our telephone service, and the radio mechanic may cease to hold the key position he now holds. But in the meantime there is great need for organization among qualified radio engineers for their own protection and that of the public, and the recognition of some hall mark of reliability such as the motoring associations bestow on motor repairers.

The international implications of broadcasting, which are becoming of greater significance every day, are only incidentally discussed in the section dealing with the Empire Service. It is clearly right to recognize overseas programmes as " an important normal function of the broadcasting organization in this country ", instead of waiting for financial contributions from the Dominions and Colonies. " The projection of England " by the appropriate use of languages other than English, however, will require very careful handling. Unless this is entrusted to extremely

skilled and experienced hands, the British public may discover that the short waves to which they do not listen at home have been transmitting types of national propaganda which is doing them no good abroad and over which they have no apparent control.

One notable omission from the Report is any consideration of contact with listeners, or study of their tastes and interests, other than by means of Advisory Committees. There are already twenty-eight such Committees in existence, national and regional, and the Ullswater Committee recommend the creation of more. Such committees, especially when dealing with a definite subject, may be valuable, and the B.B.C. is greatly indebted to hundreds of people who have served upon them in past years. But the usefulness of general advisory committees, with no powers, is limited, and specialized advisory committees are only as useful as the B.B.C. permits them to be. It is undoubtedly a sound principle to associate listeners increasingly with programme and policy discussion, nationally and locally; but experience has shown the limitations of this method, and there is no reason why it should absolve the Corporation from other more detailed and scientific ways of sounding or sampling listeners' opinion.

The Government, preoccupied with more pressing issues, have not yet made public the action which they propose to take on the Committee's recommendations. It is scarcely to be doubted that they will renew the Corporation's Charter for the suggested ten years, and endorse most of the other findings, though opinion is said to be divided on the subject of Relay Exchanges. But the future prosperity of broadcasting rests with the B.B.C., its Board, its Director, and its staff. Saturation point has not arrived, but the dangerous age has been reached, when listeners may grow bored, and when the Corporation may grow middle-aged, stiff, and nervous. The avoidance of these dangers will require not only a sound constitution, but the retention of a perennially youthful spirit. This, in turn, depends upon keeping and finding individuals with outstanding ability, and assuring them conditions which give full scope to their gifts, their enthusiasm, and their responsibility.

NOVELS NOT BY NOVELISTS*

By the Marquess of Crewe, K.G.

THE title calls for a word of explanation. What is a novelist? A critic might say that, of the thousands of volumes published annually under the heading Fiction, only a small percentage can be described as the work of authentic novelists, but this would merely be cheaply cynical, and a similar gibe might equally be levelled at the writers of Poetry, History or Divinity. I prefer to define a novelist, whether famous or obscure, as a person whose main business is the writing of novels, and who is not specially conspicuous in any other occupation of life. It is true that a novelist, even more often than a poet, may be busily engaged in some business or profession. The *doyen* of British novelists, Henry Fielding, as everybody knows, became an active and valuable magistrate at forty. A history of criminal justice in the eighteenth century would be more likely to include a page on Fielding than, say, a history of nineteenth-century medicine would embody a chapter on the professional career of Dr. W. G. Grace; but when Fielding is mentioned, we think of *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, not of the Chairman of Sessions at Clerkenwell. So, too, the Barchester novels smother recollections of the Irish Post-office.

To illustrate what I mean I will venture, before attacking my main subject, to touch on the border-line cases of two famous figures, who, familiar as their novels are, were not novelists pure and simple; not even writers pure and simple, but conspicuous in other walks of life. The first of these, I must admit, stands very close to the border-line, if he does not actually pass it. Look up Edward Bulwer Lytton in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and he is denominated "novelist". It is not long since editions of his collected works were published, and they

* A paper, slightly condensed, read by Lord Crewe before the Royal Society of Literature on March 25th.

may still be on sale. His output was singularly varied. Among British men of letters Oliver Goldsmith stands in a class by himself as the author of a story which everybody is supposed to have read ; of verse from which excerpts appear in every book of quotations and in almost every anthology ; and of a play which still fills any theatre with a laughing crowd of admirers. But Bulwer Lytton is a not bad second in this race. His novels cannot be ignored. Between the issue of *Pelham* in 1828 and of *Kenelm Chillingly* in 1873 he produced stories of amazing variety of subject—pictures of the London coteries in which he was a fashionable figure ; long historical novels, carefully documented ; stories of social life with some unlucky imitation of the unique manner of Sterne ; and ghost stories which are still found alarming.

I remember my father saying that as an historical work pure and simple, *The Last of the Barons* stands in front of any of Walter Scott's novels. In a sense it does ; but there is the difference that *Ivanhoe*, with all its inaccuracies and anachronisms, remains an intensely readable story ; whereas Bulwer Lytton's romance of the Wars of the Roses does not offer a thrilling antidote to the rather pedestrian history-books which, for some reason, leave the fifteenth century duller than it should be by comparison with the sixteenth and seventeenth.

Bulwer Lytton's verse was less conspicuous, except for a few good translations of Schiller ; but some of the political appreciations in *The New Timon* and in *St. Stephens*, such as the title of " the Rupert of Debate " for the fourteenth Lord Derby, and the picture of O'Connell at an open-air mass-meeting, have crystallized into history. I do not know whether *The Lady of Lyons* is still ever played, but the capital comedy *Money* offers to amateurs a wealth of amusing parts almost worthy of Sheridan himself. And in graver affairs Bulwer Lytton was by no means only " the padded man that wears the stays " of Tennyson's fierce rejoinder to the sobriquet of " School-Miss Alfred " with which Lytton had twitted the author of some too-sentimental early lyrics.

He was an active Member of Parliament, and became Colonial Secretary in Lord Derby's Government in 1858. I have heard Mr. Gladstone speak warmly of his capacity as chief of a great

department, and Mr. Gladstone's biographer describes his despatches as marked by shrewdness and good feeling, with an admixture of flummery. Much the same might be said of most of his novels ; but perhaps his very latest books, *Kenelm Chillingly* and *The Parisians*, exhibit less of the artificiality which disfigures those of his youth and his prime.

To conclude—the excuse for naming Bulwer Lytton in this category is that in all his stories, in a greater or less degree, you note the artificer rather than the artist. That is not to dismiss him as negligible, but to point out wherein he differs from the minor novelists, the Marryats, the Charles Levers, the Henry Kingsleys, the Charlotte Yonges, who wrote because they had something they wished to say, not because novel-writing was a fashion in which each intended to play a part.

My other border-line figure is Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. He is easier to include, for beyond question he was a statesman first, and the interest still taken in his books hinges on his personality as a political personage. But he was a writer to begin with ; from *Vivian Grey*, published when he was twenty-one, to *Venetia*, which appeared eleven years later, half-a-dozen novels preceded his parliamentary success at Maidstone in 1837. Even through these years his ambition was for political mastery gained through social alliances ; the books were a profitable *parergon* to careless expenditure of money, health and energy. Still, it is by the political novels, with their social background, that his fame as a writer is kept alive. Of these, *Coningsby*, and perhaps *Lothair*, are the most amusing ; *Sybil* by far the profoundest. In that book alone the prescient outlook is manifest which was often masked by its author's love of glitter and joy in make-believe. But none of the novels show any power of constructing a plot, or of drawing an original character. His heroes are spineless marionettes except where they live by the autobiographical touch ; and all the conspicuous characters are either adapted from famous originals such as Byron and Shelley, Croker and Palmerston, or from personal friends like his playmates in the game of Young England. And yet, with all their exaggerations and defects, most of the books remain extraordinarily readable. Such scenes as those of Lord Monmouth's ultimatum to his grandson, and of the Cardinal's

dismissal of Lothair's hallucinations at Rome, are entitled to rank with the work of the greatest masters.

To turn abruptly to story-writers certainly not novelists, I begin with a famous name in English letters, Percy Bysshe Shelley. The poet wrote *Zastrozzi* as he was leaving Eton, and is said to have been paid £40 for it. It is a wild blood-and-thunder romance. The heroine is carried away to torture, "her dishevelled ringlets floated in negligent luxuriance . . . and her symmetrical form, as borne away by the four officials, looked interestingly lovely". *St. Irvyne* followed rather later, and is in the same strain. Happily Shelley soon found a safer pathway to fame, and nobody reads these books now. Matthew Arnold was not thinking of them when he propounded the egregious paradox that Shelley's prose would outlive his verse. But Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus*, an amazing performance for a girl of eighteen, is still read by some. Not, I fear, by everybody, for two or three times every year some orator or journalist, pleased to hit on a literary allusion, refers to Frankenstein not as the unlucky creator of a monster, but as the monster himself.

In August, 1792, exactly a fortnight after the ethereal spirit of Shelley had entered this troublesome world, the sixth Duke of Bedford was blessed by the birth of a third son. Assuredly when

> "the fairy queens who rule our birth
> Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom"

one of them must have uttered for Lord John Russell a very different forecast from that which another had breathed over the infant Shelley. Except that both in their respective spheres were lovers of liberty, it would be hard to suggest two nineteenth-century figures more antithetical. Except, also, that in his salad days Lord John wrote a romantic tale, *The Nun of Arrouca*. When only sixteen he was able to visit the army in Portugal, and he repeated the expedition a year later, seeing the lines of Torres Vedras, and meeting Lord Wellington. The result was the story of a wounded British officer who falls desperately in love with a fair nun of ancient race. The enamoured pair enjoy occasions for meeting unusual in conventual life; all the proprieties are maintained, and for a time things look hopeful.

But the romance has to close with the death of the girl, according to the convention of the period. If Lord John had got hold of the true story of Harry Smith, as recounted by Mr. A. E. W. Mason in one of our volumes of collected essays—the story of Harry Smith and the young lady whose name, Ladysmith, was to adorn history at the close of the century, the book would have been more thrilling. It has none of the comical flights of Shelley's earlier efforts, and the local colour is well maintained. But I do not advise the most loyal Whig, if such a person exists, to seek the British Museum in order to read it.

No other notable poet of the nineteenth century, so far as I know, tried his wings in the flight of fiction ; though a few years later Thomas Moore dedicated to Lord John a short story, *The Epicurean*, a romance of Egypt in the third century, in which it is not surprising to encounter the cult of Isis, and to conclude with a Christian martyrdom. Nor did any other Victorian Prime Minister dare such an adventure, but there followed the singular case of a public man, of the first order of intellect, whose fate it became to leave a name of notoriety rather than one of genuine fame. This was Henry, Lord Brougham, born fourteen years earlier than Shelley and John Russell. No gale of romantic inspiration wafted him to story-telling when, in 1802, he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* with mastery in science and economics ; when he championed the cause of unlucky Princess Caroline ; when he was the evangelist of educational reform in 1818 and of law reform ten years later ; or when, in an unwise moment, he became Lord Chancellor in 1830. But, though to the outer world he was a mass of thorns, he was a man of warm domestic affections. His beloved daughter Eleanor Louise died in 1839, and five years later he published *Albert Lunel, or the Château of Languedoc*, described as " a philosophic romance, a kind of monument to her I had lost ". Lord Brougham set the fashion of Cannes as an English resort, and called his house there the Villa Eleanore. It is a recollection of my boyhood, when at Cannes with my parents, to have seen a white-haired motionless figure drawn along the sea-front in the carriage which made his name so familiar to several generations, until broughams were ousted by motor cars. Lord Brougham died a few months later, ninety years old. The interest of *Albert Lunel* lies in the

fact that it is the output of a first-class intellect, of sixty-six years' experience of life, of a career of blazing triumphs and bitter disappointments.

The nineteenth century witnessed the careers of four men, all of high intellectual stature, in personality most diverse, but alike in this—that all of them early in life took orders in the Church of England—though none of them continued in its ordinary groove—and each of them at one time or another tried his hand at a work of fiction.

John Henry Newman was born with the century, and by common consent was one of its choicest ornaments. To trace even in outline, the course of his life from the Tract Movement of 1833-1845 to the grant of the Red Hat in 1879, would be outside the scope of this paper. In 1848 he published *Loss and Gain*, a tale of conversion to Rome, but not of his own conversion, though Oxford is the scene of many of the religious discussions which make up the body of the book. It is pleasantly written, with many humorous touches, and obvious efforts to be fair to the unconverted. It differs from the ordinary novel in its entire neglect of love interest; the female figures that flit through a few pages are the merest shadows. A year later he started *Callista*, once more a third-century tale of Christianity and Africa, this time at Carthage, and also terminating with the martyrdom of the heroine.

A far vaguer figure is that of John Sterling, whose claim to survival in the public memory largely depends on Carlyle's famous memoir of his friend. Leslie Stephen put it rather cruelly by saying that it was as though Johnson had written the Life of Boswell. But Sterling was not an inconsiderable person. Neither was Lord George Bentinck, though he lives mainly in Disraeli's memoir. Still less was Arthur Hallam, though few would now recall him but for *In Memoriam*. John Sterling was born in 1806, studied at Cambridge, joined the Spanish rebels, visited the West Indies, and returned to England to take orders. But he soon developed heterodox opinions, and resigned from clerical duty. His appearance in this galley is due to the publication in 1833 of *Arthur Coningsby*, a three-volume novel, written, as the author stated, "several years ago". The novel, was published anonymously, and can have made no sensation,

or Disraeli would hardly have taken the name eleven years later for his more famous book. Three-deckers carry a great deal of cargo, and Sterling's story is padded out with countless pages of confession and of reminiscence furnished by the different characters. There is no tinge of humour in the three volumes ; but there is not a little thought, and some powerful descriptions of persons and places in the high-flown English which was then in fashion. Nobody would suppose it to be the work of a commonplace man, but much more cannot be said of it.

Frederick Denison Maurice was a year older than Sterling. They studied at Cambridge together under Julius Hare, one of the authors of *Guesses at Truth*, of which Carlyle said " guess again". Later they married sisters. Maurice, never too orthodox, could not take orders till he was twenty-eight, after securing a degree at Oxford. He became one of the heroes of the Broad Church, mistrusting and mistrusted by Anglicans and Evangelicals alike. His life was given to good causes, notably the education of women and of working men, and he was regarded by many as the ideal of a practical saint, in spite of his expulsion from the Chair of Educational History at King's College for unsound views on the subject of eternal punishment. Today the Frederick Denison Maurice Foundation Lectures of the University of London represent an act of theological repentance. In 1834 he published a three-volume novel, *Eustace Conway, the Story of a Brother and Sister*. It is a storehouse of sage reflection, but has every fault of construction and treatment possible in a story. There is little interest of character, and no gleam of humour, while an unmeaning abduction and a pointless duel do nothing to lighten the narrative. The most memorable thing about it is the threat it aroused of a genuine combat. An unpleasing Captain Marryatt, with two " t's ", is one of the villains, and the author of *Peter Simple*, though furnished with only one " t ", wrote to Mr. Bentley the publisher with a challenge to the miscreant who had abused his name. He was horrified to find that the writer was a curate in Warwickshire who had never even heard of the famous sea stories.

James Anthony Froude was the youngest of this remarkable quartet, having been born in 1818, one of three brothers all of unusual capacity. A disciple of Newman at Oxford, he became

a clergyman in 1844, and like some others unable to follow their master on the path to Rome, turned in the direction of Doubting Castle. In 1847, under the pseudonym Zeta, he published a small volume, *Shadows of the Clouds*. It was soon suppressed, because the first story included a too vivid picture of his father, Archdeacon Froude—a mild forecast of Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*—and because much of the scene of the second is laid in what is politely termed a " disorderly house ". *The Nemesis of Faith* followed in 1849. It is still remembered, though seldom read, from its author's later repute as one of the finest masters of English prose. Its immediate effect was to bring him to destitution by the loss of his Fellowship and the withdrawal of the allowance from his father. The Fellows of Exeter College solemnly burned the book in the College Hall. A few friends, such as Baron de Bunsen, Max Müller, Dean Stanley, and my father, came to the rescue, and he was able to turn to his proper work, the vivifying of historical periods for the general reader. As a sympathetic but regretful critic put it at the time, the book " caused the whole cauldron of party feeling and sectarian bigotry to boil over ". It paints a romantic picture of Froude's own religious difficulties combined with an imaginary love-affair with a married woman, and enforces the conclusion that suicide or Rome are the two possible refuges of escape for the sceptic—a conclusion which we know the author rejected. As might be expected, there are passages of singular beauty in the story, and, as the same critic observes, " it begets no false sympathies ". But for a reader of today most of its interest has evaporated with the passage of time. Forty years later, when Froude was established in the front rank of writers, he produced, with moderate success, a historical story of Irish life, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*.

One other writer of the period demands a word of notice, George Henry Lewes, born in 1817, and certainly never contemplating a clerical career. He had a varied education, in business and in Germany, and then settled down as a writer. His *History of Philosophy* is well known, but for some reason he tried his hand at story-telling, first with *Ranthorpe*, and afterwards, in 1846, with *Rose, Blanche, and Violet*, in three volumes. Of the three sisters, the last is child of a second marriage, her mother

being an evil genius of their history. It is a most painstaking book, the characters are worked out with close care, there are no paragons, and even the evil genius has her points. After many vicissitudes the three sisters end in happy marriages. One of the heroes is singularly ugly, and Lewes, who was himself of rather simian aspect, gives a page or two to the subject of masculine irregularity of feature as women regard it. The father of the girls is a persistent bore. There is no clearer index of the gulf that divides genius from mere ability in story-telling than the treatment of bores. We should all escape as soon as possible from the company of Mr. Collins or Miss Bates, and of Mrs. Jellaby or Major Bagstock. But we rejoice in their flitting appearances in the pages of Jane Austen and Dickens. Lewes' parental bore is always quoting Horace, and apart from the fact that a scholar would not always cite one classical author, however appositely, the continual repetition is unbearable.

George Lewes is best remembered from his association with his fellow Positivist George Eliot (1894), and if it is true that it was he who urged the start of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, he deserves well of his and succeeding generations.

It is time to close the list, though many names might be added to it. Without going back to Horace Walpole and *The Castle of Otranto*, or Beckford and *Vathek*, there is Lady Caroline Lamb with *Glenarvon* telling her passion for Byron, and with *Ada Reis*, who was not a fashionable young lady, but a ferocious eighteenth-century Corsair of Georgian birth. Later came Lady Georgiana Fullerton with the powerful tale *Ellen Middleton*; Mrs. Archer Clive with her best-seller crime story *Paul Ferroll*; and Colonel Fred Maxse, the father of distinguished sons, who, as Max Ferrar, wrote in one volume *Robert Morray*, to express, as he himself put it, " the philosophy of a religionless man "; Laurence Oliphant, the traveller and wit—a type of " the gay companion and the favourite guest ", who strangely became the dupe of a bogus prophet, might find a place; and Joseph Henry Shorthouse had been a successful man of business for years before it occurred to him to publish *John Inglesant*.

But it is worth while to ask whether there could be any common impulse driving such diverse minds in the same direction of authorship. I think not. Still omitting Bulwer and Disraeli,

none of those I have named could have hoped to make their novel-writing pay. Newman and Froude, each from his standpoint, doubtless felt that a record of religious experiences would find more readers if dressed up as a story ; Sterling and Maurice thought that they could formulate a philosophy of life in such a way. It must be remembered that all the instances I have cited preceded the notable revolution in the English novel well described by Professor Saintsbury in his work on the subject. It meant that observation, and invention founded on observation, were the tools to be employed, not the writers' imagination working in the abstract. Miss Austen and her followers started the change ; Balzac and Dickens showed what could be done with it, and in the second half of the century it became the rule for novelists, great and small.

Writing of Chaucer, James Russell Lowell, a careful and competent critic, observed : " If the works of the great poets teach anything, it is to hold mere invention somewhat cheap. It is not the finding of a thing, but the making something out of it after it is found, that is of consequence. Accordingly Chaucer, like Shakespeare, invented almost nothing . . . it was not the subject treated, but himself that was the new thing ". Perhaps this is not true of even the greatest masters of fiction. They have to light on some originality of subject before they can adorn it by personal craftsmanship. If this implies that the greatest fiction does not reach the level of the greatest poetry—so be it. It is a younger offspring of the human intellect. There is no Muse of Novels, though the Muses of Comedy and Tragedy may be the proud godmothers of *Pickwick* and of *Wuthering Heights*, and Clio need not be ashamed of *The Virginians* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*. But in any case this cursory review convinces me that the writing of novels is best left to novelists.

STEPPING STONES OF DESTINY

By Willard Price

THERE are two lines of stepping stones across the Pacific. One is Japanese, the other American. The Japanese stones run from Japan south through the Bonins, Marianas and Carolines to the equator. The American stones are footholds for the seven-league boots of the trans-Pacific airline from San Francisco to China by way of Hawaii, Midway, Wake, Guam and the Philippines.

Micronesia is the crossroads. Above Guam, planes flying north and south will cross the track of planes flying east and west. Japanese influence will cross American.

Japan's new airline to the South Seas and America's to China are both ostensibly for commercial purposes only. Yet, when the Pan-American line was being planned, Mr. Juan Trippe, president of Pan-American Airways, was called to testify before the Federal Aviation Commission. He did not divulge his testimony, but stated that it had to do with international aviation from the viewpoints of transport and defence. Later reports were that the navy contemplated following up the development work done by the Pan-American by establishing naval stations at Midway and Wake, and restoring the naval base at Guam after the Washington Treaty expires at the end of 1936.

If Japan were not already interested, as of course she is, in the war possibilities of her commercial lines, this threat would be sufficient to make her interested. She takes her cue in such things from America. Promptly after the United States Navy conducted an aerial survey in the Aleutians " to study weather conditions " the South Seas government announced its plan to build an airport on Saipan " to study weather conditions ". The political weather is being well studied on both sides of the Pacific.

America's air-thrust across the greatest ocean is bold and stirring. When the line is fully developed it will be possible to go from California to China by air as quickly as from California to New York by rail. The nineteen-ton Clipper making the early flights will be replaced by ships weighing three times as much ; and aircraft designer Sikorsky expects within ten or fifteen years to be building Clipper ships of 500,000 pounds equipped to carry 150 passengers and a crew of forty. The Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics announced in October, 1935, plans for building during the next few years sixty planes of great size capable of flying across the Pacific non-stop !

In the race for the aerial conquest of the Pacific, Japan does not lag behind. She already has a regular air service from Tokyo across Korea and Manchukuo to the Siberian border, and also a line to Formosa. Her line soon to be opened from Tokyo to Palau will later be extended to Australia. A Twelve-Year-Plan to cost 230 million yen and to be begun in 1936 will throw a network of lines over the western Pacific, linking frosty Kamchatka and Saghalien with the South Seas, Singapore, Borneo, and Java and establishing air transport by flying boats between Tokyo and New York.

In Japan's aerial programme the South Sea islands which she holds under mandate from the League of Nations will be vitally important. The United States has no such advantage. America's Pacific is a vacant waste. There is nothing between the California coast and Hawaii, 2,100 miles distant. Japan's Pacific is like an inland sea, dotted with islands. This Equatorial Japan is too vast to be imagined—it must be sailed. To make an 8,200-mile circuit of only its principal islands I spent thirty-eight days on board ship, not to mention another three months on shore waiting for the infrequent steamers.

The territory is not only vast but valuable. Any coral lagoon is a landing-place for a flying boat. Co-operation between aeroplanes and a battle fleet protected by the harbours and hills of 2,550 islands and islets would give pause to the world's two strongest fleets combined. Japan could give a good account of herself. Her military estimates have grown 130 per cent. since the Manchurian incident in 1931. Nearly half of the nation's money is being spent on defence to guard Japan's

past and future programme in Asia. What a programme it must be to require such sacrifice !

Japan has presumably reached her farthest north for the present—although the Foreign Minister has recently mentioned the willingness of his government to consider the purchase of North Saghalien from Russia. With this minor exception, the course of empire is now definitely southward. There is a strong tide of influence from Manchukuo's Mongolian province south-west into both Outer Mongolia and Chahar. North China is acutely self-conscious under the calculating gaze of her northern neighbour. Nanking, driven by America into the arms of Japan, is open to a proposal that will alleviate her financial difficulties occasioned by America's silver policy. Siam is sending naval officers to Japan for training, asking for Japanese school teachers, architects and engineers, and otherwise getting into direct circuit with the nerve centre of Asia. Japanese trade is swiftly overhauling British trade in India and has outstripped it in that most important item, textiles. Japan was frankly jovial when Uncle Sam made up his mind to abandon the Philippines to " independence " ; and some Filipinos, overcome by afterthoughts, are now anxiously looking up that word in the dictionaries. And the Dutch are painfully aware that the second largest Philippine island, Mindanao, already industrially dominated by Japanese, is only some four hundred miles from the Dutch East Indies.

The truth is that the East is in a state of high tension. Let a Japanese general so much as tweak his moustache and a tremor runs down the spine of Asia from Vladivostok to Melbourne.

The far-seeing Count Okuma said to me once in an interview : " I believe the entire East is to be bound together in one heart and one mind. And I believe that it is the mission of Japan to bring this about ".

Japan is performing her mission. And she will perform it the more easily because she is now a nation not only of the temperate zone, but of the tropics.

But, I am reminded, Micronesia does not belong to Japan. It is a mandate, under the control of the League of Nations.

This conception receives a rude jolt when one visits Micronesia.

Sooner or later in some busy South Sea street teeming with Japanese but quite empty of natives, the visitor will stop and clap a hand to his head. An attack of the sun? Well, yes, of the Rising Sun. For he will have thought of something to change for him the entire complexion of this mandate problem.

The League of Nations, and the Powers behind it, regard the South Sea mandate as subject to the will of the League. But certain tendencies are making that will ineffective. Not the expansionist policy of Japan. Not the bold words and brandished gunboats of the navy. In spite of them, regardless of them, natural forces are at work like moles, accomplishing the things for which they are prepared to take the credit. Within a few years, even if Japan should wish to get rid of the islands, she could not do so.

The mandated islands are being inhabited by Japanese.

For a quarter century the native population has stood still at about 50,000. But during only the last four years, the Japanese population has much more than doubled. It has climbed from 19,835 to 51,606. In 1935 alone the increase was over 11,000.

Thus the population is already predominantly Japanese—and will continue to increase. Of course space is limited in the islands. But agricultural director Awano believes there is room for 100,000 Japanese farmers. Perhaps as many more fishermen and tradesmen can be accommodated. At the same time, the native population will increase only slightly, if at all.

It means that within a very short time the islands will be Japanese because the vast majority of the population will be Japanese.

But what does that do to the mandate idea? What is the mandate idea anyhow? According to those who conceived it and set down their conception of it in Article 22 of the Covenant, to certain territorities " which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization. . . . The best method of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be entrusted to advanced nations who, by reason of their resources, their experience, or their geographical position, can

best undertake this responsibility, and who are willing to accept it, and that this tutelage should be exercised by them as mandatories on behalf of the League ".

So the mandate system would appear to be a method of governing primitive peoples unable to govern themselves. It has been nowhere envisaged in the mandate theory that the people of the mandated area would be the same as those of the mandatory. Yet that is coming to pass in the South Seas.

In theory you can pass a mandate from nation to nation as one passes the butter. The butter has nothing to say about it. Nor has the mandate so long as its people are primitive savages. But suppose they are not.

When President Wilson enunciated the principle of self-determination he was merely re-phrasing an old natural law. Sometimes it does not work among weak peoples. It always does in the case of strong peoples. The Saar was bound to go back to Germany because the people of the Saar were Germans. Great Britain might fear the defection of India because its people are Indians, and the United States can rightly abandon the Philippines because its people are Filipinos. But England could hardly lose London, full of Englishmen, and the United States could never shake off California; there are too many Americans in it.

It was easy for Spain to sell the South Sea Islands because there were no Spaniards there. Germany lost the islands in the World War, and Hitler says he would not kill one man to get them back, because there are no Germans there. But now that the islands are filling up with Japanese they are becoming as irrevocably a part of Japan as Kyushu or Tokyo.

This operation of natural forces to set at naught the yeas and nays of both Nipponese and European diplomats, who may have considered that they had full power to answer such questions, is seen not only in immigration, but in the magic of birthrate and intermarriage.

Suppose not another man, woman, or child should go from Japan to the South Seas. Suppose the islands, with their 51,606 Japanese and 50,540 natives, were sealed up so that no one could enter or leave. Go back a few years later to visit these Robinson Crusoes and you would find the population overwhelmingly Japanese!

One reason would be that the intermarriages which frequently occur between the Japanese and the better class natives always result in a family more Japanese than native in its racial characteristics, education, and loyalties.

Another reason : the Japanese birthrate is one of the highest in the world and the native birthrate one of the lowest. In 1934 Japanese births in the islands were 1,714 and deaths 475—the natural increase being 1,239. Native births were 1,562, and deaths 1,637—causing a natural decrease of 75. In some years there is a slight native increase—but never one-tenth that of the Japanese. So the islands are certain to become Japanese even if immigration should decrease or stop altogether.

But immigration is increasing. It was 4,000 in 1933, 8,000 in 1934, 11,000 in 1935. The final figure for 1936 is expected to show a still larger increase. The Japanese community of Truk has doubled in two years ; that of Ponape has doubled in one year. In Palau the main street of the Japanese town is solidly built up for a distance of two miles. Japanese department stores are crowding out thatched huts and old All-Men-Houses decorated with carvings of militant roosters. In Ponape we walked through a well-lighted street of shops a half-mile long where there was only a dark wood a year ago. On this Ginza of Ponape we dropped into a lively department store, sat in arm-chairs and listened to gramophone records from Tokyo, and saw a naked savage, whose children had been taught in school to brush their teeth, buy for himself for twenty-five sen an Osaka tooth brush complete with tongue scraper.

Japan is making the first real effort in history to develop the islands. By the time Spain stretched her arm all the way around Asia there was very little strength left in the fingers. Spain could not rule the islands, much less develop them. She was continually involved in bloody wars with the natives. Germany did better. She produced order. She did some trading in copra and phosphate ; but she found it was not profitable to transport them halfway round the earth to Germany. There was no German migration to the islands. An old resident on Palau remembers that there were fifteen Germans there (three officials, five priests, five sisters, and two traders). Today there are 6,500 Japanese. Formerly, in all these islands, there were not

more than one hundred Germans ; now there are over 51,000 Japanese.

That is the difference. Japan takes the islands seriously. Spain and Germany never did.

The recent reports that Germany may wish to get the islands back are amusing. Even if Germany wanted them, it is too late. You can buy or sell pieces of land surrounded by water, but you can hardly buy or sell 51,000 Japanese. Their presence in the islands and their rapid multiplication change the face of the problem. Even if the islands were torn from Japan, they would remain Japanese and would sooner or later revert to Japan. Thus the gods of birth and migration, regardless of the judgments of human chancelleries, seem to have given Japan a permanent mandate in the South Seas.

What will this mean to the native ?

The South Sea Rip Van Winkle who wakes a century hence to return to his islands may find the inhabitants yellow, not brown.

In all probability the brown folk will disappear from the Western Pacific, if not from the entire ocean. They may not die out ; for in Micronesia their decline has already been checked. But they will be drowned out . . . by the Japanese tidal wave.

" Why shouldn't the native and the Japanese live side by side " ? I asked an old chief who was bemoaning the future.

" Because these islands are small. Their resources are few. Not enough for a large population. What little there is will be taken by the most energetic. I mean the Japanese. They are used to going after what they want ; we are used to having Nature bring us what we want. Ours is the better philosophy, but theirs will win. The Kanaka's day is done."

The Japanese are doing nothing deliberately to hasten the end and much to retard it. It is not a war between peoples, but between ideas. The idea of living at rest and the idea of living on the run.

The best future for which the Kanaka can hope is absorption. He cannot continue for ever an independent existence any more than can the Ainu in Japan or the Indian in the United States. Such " independence " would become the bitterest dependence.

His descendants will be happiest if their blood is largely Japanese. The brown man's blood must disappear in the veins of the yellow. And he will probably disappear so completely as to leave hardly a trace of his colour behind, it will be diluted in so large a sea.

Of course nothing can be forecast with certainty. There might be a new Polynesian migration to the islands, but it is difficult to see any cause for it, and harder still to imagine that Japan would permit it. The probability is that in a short time as 2,600-year-old Japan reckons time, one will find in Micronesia little trace of the brown man except his stone monuments, and perhaps a certain softening of the speech and pace of the Nipponese.

The Japanese feel at home in the South Seas as they do not in bleak Manchukuo. Micronesian summer is eternal. The heat is actually less than that of summer in Japan. All the year round the temperature wavers between seventy and eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Thanks to the sun and the sea, the air is warm and cool at one and the same time. Doctors agree that the climate is healthful. Many of the immigrants are already used to living in small semi-tropical islands. It is an important fact that sixty per cent. of all the Japanese in the mandate are from Okinawa (the Loochoo Islands). The tide continues strong—for Okinawa is crowded and the land is poor. The Okinawas have had rigorous training in economy. An Okinawa labourer can live on fifteen yen a month in the South Seas, whereas a Japanese from the mainland requires about thirty yen. The Okinawas will work harder. They are peaceable, obedient and prolific.

A Five-Year-Plan beginning in 1936 is expected to break all past records of emigration from Japan proper. Through a systematic campaign of education and enlistment, groups of immigrants will be selected from various parts of the country in order to utilize varied knowledge.

Nor is the sweep of Japan southward confined to the mandated islands, but is extending to many others twice as far from the homeland. It is plain that we are today witnessing the most fundamental change in the Pacific population since the Polynesian migration of more than a thousand years ago.

So Japan's equatorial empire will be of her own blood, of

her own brawn, strategically formidable and economically valuable. But that is not all. These islands are stepping stones and stepping stones are not an end in themselves. They lead somewhere.

Japan's pavement carries her feet straight to some of the richest lands of the globe—the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, British Borneo, New Guinea, and Australia.

Australia may seem remote from Japan. The truth is that Japan and Australia are as close as the two halves of an apple. They meet at the equator. Along that line the Japanese mandate adjoins the Australian mandate comprising the islands of the Bismarck Archipelago. A few days further south are the great open spaces of Australia itself, a continent seventeen times the size of Japan and one-twelfth the population. The Japanese are intensely interested in the theory of the redistribution of territory, suggested by Colonel House and endorsed in principle by Sir Samuel Hoare. If the nations that have are to share their open spaces with the nations that have not, the Japanese can think of no better place to begin than in Australia.

Only second to Australia are the great wealthy islands of New Guinea, Borneo and the Philippines, all of them containing territory that has not as yet even been explored and wild tribes not subdued. Hardly a month goes by that there is not word of negotiation with one or another of the Western absentee landlords of these rich estates to allow Japanese to come in and assist in economic development. Late in 1935 the South Seas Development Company succeeded in leasing 147,000 acres on the northern coast of Dutch New Guinea for the purpose of raising "Sea Island Cotton"; and development of other uncivilized parts of New Guinea will come as fast as the Dutch authorities will permit.

I asked a Dutchman about it. "Why don't you Dutch develop those sections yourselves?"

"What!" he said, "that hell? Not while there's beer on ice in Batavia!"

It seems only fair that what the Dutch are not willing to do themselves they should let others do.

So the dynamic energy of a pent-up race flows south. Between Hawaii, with its 150,000 Japanese, and the Philippines, with its

25,000, and as far south as Yampi Sound, Western Australia, where the Japan Mining Company aspires to develop 22,000,000 tons of iron, there is not an island of value in the western Pacific that has not been touched by the influence of the Island Empire.

With the mandate as an approach to the southern islands as well as a shield over Japan's march of influence southward from Manchukuo into China, Japan's tutelage over Asia becomes more than a possibility. It is something of a holy crusade for Japan. The Japanese are evidently sincere in their belief that they are the stabilizing power, and the only stabilizing power in the Orient. They have amply proved their ability to get and keep order—in Manchuria, Korea, Formosa, the South Seas, as well as in the Japanese homeland. They are Asia's most efficient folk. And they are obviously quite correct in their contention that China needs to be stabilized and that the southern island treasure-house needs to be opened for the benefit of under-privileged millions. Will Western powers be content to see these things come at the cost of their own exclusion ?

Britain says " no ", and strengthens Singapore. The only reason for this naval base, as Lord Grey once said before the House of Lords, is the ultimate possibility of war with Japan. America is doubtful, but is inclined to say " yes " ; giving up the Philippines. Russia says " yes " for the present, and parts with the Chinese Eastern ; but reserves the right to vote " no " later when her Far Eastern war machine is completed. The Dutch decline to say " yes " or " no ". They have already announced their neutrality in the next struggle. But, aware that Japan cannot make war without Borneo oil, they are prepared to destroy at a moment's notice their own oil plants at Tarakan and Balik Papan.

Every Western interest in the Orient talks of " crisis ". Each means something different by it. But they all look toward Japan when they use the word. In the meantime, Japan, impelled by the surge of her population and the life-and-death necessity of export markets, talks too of " crisis " and looks southward.

PASSIVE DEFENCE

By Lord Strabolgi

THE broad general programme for strengthening the defences of Great Britain and the Empire has been before the public since last February. The total cost of the re-equipment and modernization of our Forces is not known, for the programme has been declared to be elastic in nature so that allowances and adjustments may be made for changing conditions during the next two or three years. The sums involved nevertheless are substantial, and may be taken as not less than £250,000,000 over and above the present Service Estimates of £160,000,000 a year. Much larger sums have been mentioned. The Government and Parliament are satisfied that the state of international politics justifies this very large expenditure, and no doubt the public as a whole is satisfied that it is as well that no risks should be taken.

There is an aspect of defence, however, which appears to be worthy of closer attention than it has so far received. The building of large warships, the expansion of the Air Force, and the mechanization of the Army are considered, by some foreigners, as a threat to their security. We are all apt to regard the armaments of our neighbours as dangerous to ourselves; yet a case can be made for the expenditure of comparatively modest sums on what may be described as a system of passive defence.

There are certain essentials for our national life which we have to import from overseas in large quantities. If, say, a year's supply of these necessary imports could be at all times stored within our borders, we should be in a far better position to withstand an economic siege. The three main bulk imports are wheat, meat and oils.

The meat storage facilities are understood to be ample and a year's supply can be maintained without difficulty. The sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence which has

been looking into the question of wheat storage has reported also that the granary accommodation is sufficient, or at least will be when the new large granaries are completed at Liverpool. It would be comforting to know that this storage is actually in use, for we produce only 20 per cent.of our wheat requirements from our own soil. Wheat, most of which eventually comes to this country, is sometimes stored in Canada for as long as two years. It should not be difficult to come to an arrangement with the Canadian Government and the Canadian wheat merchants to pay a small amount on deposit of the total value and store a very large quantity of wheat in this country, releasing it and again replenishing as required, and paying for it as it is sold ; just as is done in the case of dutiable goods stored at the docks in bonded warehouses under the present well-known and old-established system.

The oil position is more complicated, for we are far more dependent on outside supplies. We produce by high temperature carbonization 70 million gallons of benzol a year, which is only about seven per cent. of our present requirements of motor spirit. This is obtained by carbonizing 35 million tons of coal a year in coke ovens and gas-works. By low temperature carbonization we produce a small quantity of motor spirit and a large quantity of smokeless fuel. For years it has been advocated in certain quarters that special steps should be taken to increase the production of motor spirit by low temperature carbonization. The difficulty is that by this method the petrol is a by-product and there is at present only a limited market for the smokeless coal produced. It has also frequently been urged that, both in the interests of a cleaner atmosphere and of Imperial Defence, direct encouragement by legislation should be given to the greater use of smokeless coal. But the most optimistic figures that have so far been produced for the results of such a policy only show a maximum treatment of 40 million tons of coal a year carbonized by low temperature methods to produce 28 million tons of coke and 100 million gallons of petrol. This would be less than 10 per cent. of our present requirements. The increase in consumption of smokeless coal produced will be almost entirely domestic, and against this, for the sake of national economy, must be set off a decline in the

consumption of electricity and gas. After many years of examination to date, therefore, expert opinion has overwhelmingly decided against the large-scale development of low temperature carbonization as a solution of the problem. It will help, but that is all.

It is fashionable in some quarters to favour the hydrogenation of coal direct, the advantage claimed being that practically the whole of the coal and/or tar hydrogenated results in high-grade petrol. Hydrogenation at first sight appears an attractive proposition from several points of view, including the provision of more work for miners and other workers. That would be an advantage to our national economy in that we should have to pay for less imports from abroad, and there is of course the strategical argument that we should be less dependent in time of war on seaborne supplies of oils. Imperial Chemical Industries, with commendable enterprise and with direct assistance from the Government in the shape of a rebate on the duties levied on petrol and oils, has erected one large-scale hydrogenation plant at Billingham on the north-east coast. It has been long enough in operation for the results to be judged.

At one time it was held that by the wholesale extension of hydrogenation plants all over the country we could be made independent of outside supplies of oils, utilize our abundant natural reserves of coal, and provide much-needed employment. The experiment was certainly worth while and we have learnt a great deal from it; but, on closer examination, in the light of the experience we now have, it can be shown that such a programme would be extremely expensive and, from the point of view of providing employment, disappointing. Furthermore, unless industry and transport are crippled by having to pay higher prices for their oil fuels, the Exchequer will lose heavily.

Let us therefore examine the facts a little more closely. We are today importing over 1,000 million gallons of motor spirit, approximately 560 million gallons of fuel oil, and 400 million gallons of crude petroleum. The total declared value of the imported fuel oils, including insurance and freight, is, approximately, £21,000,000 a year; or about £2 10s. a ton. The price paid for this oil is not all a direct loss in our trade balance because much of it is carried in British bottoms. The shipping

companies and insurance companies derive heavy revenues, therefore, and much employment is given to seamen and those handling the oil at the ports. This question of employment through imports of oil is worth attention because its loss would have to be set against any gain in employment for workers in the mines and hydrogenation plants, supposing that the whole of these imports were replaced by home-produced oils. Before these imported oils are sold to consumers, however, some £40,000,000 is levied on them in customs duties. Of this £26,000,000 goes to the Road Fund and the remainder, about £13,500,000, into the Exchequer for the general revenues of the country.

In 1933, when the Government of the day decided to encourage the hydrogenation of oil from coal, a guarantee was given that there should be a difference in favour of the home-brewed oil of fourpence a gallon as between excise and customs duty. The Billingham plant is today capable of producing 150,000 tons of petrol a year. The fourpence per gallon difference between the excise duty on this and the customs charge on imported oils is £750,000. If the original programme is adhered to, and a great extension takes place in hydrogenation plants, for every " Billingham " erected the Exchequer will lose £750,000. The present plant produces 4 per cent. of the peace-time requirements of petrol and cost £5,500,000 to erect. Work is given to 2,000 miners and about 2,000 other workers in connection with Billingham ; but, reckoning the £750,000 aforesaid as a subsidy, as we are entitled to do, the result is that extra employment has been given (without calculating the loss of employment to seamen, dockers, etc., who would otherwise have worked at importing an equivalent amount of petrol) at a cost of £187 10s. per man employed a year ; or over £3 a week.

Regarded simply from the standpoint of providing employment, therefore, Billingham has proved an expensive experiment. To produce the whole of our peace-time requirements of petrol by hydrogenation would require a capital expenditure of at least £100,000,000. For the construction of the necessary plants it has been calculated that 300,000 man-years of employment would be provided ; thereafter there would be work for 50,000 men operating the plants and 50,000 miners supplying coal.

It is obvious that in time of war the consumption of petrols and oils would increase enormously. Unless, therefore, we provide in peace time more hydrogenation plants than we require in order to be on the safe side in a war, we should still be dependent on certain imports of seaborne oils from abroad. Furthermore, anyone who has seen the present plant at Billingham will have realized at once that it presents a very conspicuous target for air attack.

To summarize, therefore, the results of present experiments with hydrogenation, it may be stated with confidence that it is a highly expensive method to be adopted on a very large scale, either for strategical reasons or to provide employment. Indeed, it may be assumed that the capital expenditure, plus the loss of revenue in the customs, makes the whole proposition too expensive for serious consideration. There remains the possibility of natural oil deposits underneath our own soil. Drilling is in progress, and oil may be struck, though the geologists are not very sanguine. It is true that by modern methods very deep drilling is possible, and large oil deposits may possibly be discovered.

Nevertheless, it is not comforting to contemplate the present situation. Only a small percentage of our fuel oils is produced within our own borders and all the rest of it is carried by sea through the Mediterranean or across the Atlantic from the Gulf of Mexico. The Royal Navy is completely oil-burning now. Petrol is essential for transport, both civil and military, and for the Air Force. 20,000,000 tons of the world's merchant shipping is oil-burning; and another 10,000,000 tons of merchant shipping is propelled by oil-burning Diesel engines. A serious interruption of our overseas oil supplies, in the absence of reserves in Great Britain in one form or another, would, therefore, be fatal in time of war.

The danger of an interruption in our seaborne oil supplies was debated in Parliament during the discussions on this year's Navy Estimates. The Civil Lord of the Admiralty, replying on the Report stage of the Navy Estimates on March 19th last, defined the Board's attitude as follows :

> I tried to prove that if oil does not reach these shores nothing else will. . . . We are not necessarily in the position to which some honourable

members have referred, providing there is adequate storage accommodation available and that we have command of the sea routes.

It is easy to adopt this attitude ; but the fact that it would be possible for our seaborne oil supplies to be seriously interrupted without a major naval defeat, should not be overlooked.

Thus, we might temporarily lose command of the Mediterranean, as we frequently did in past wars. We could then route our oil tankers round the Cape of Good Hope and we could increase our imports from America. But the oil tankers would still be exposed to submarine attack ; and there is a new menace to seaborne commerce of which we had no experience in the last great war, represented by the great increase in range, speed and power of aircraft. It is being increasingly recognized that the aerial attack on merchant shipping, both in convoy and unescorted, will be a very serious danger. The worst threat will come from long-range air bombers flying from land aerodromes. Already the Italian General Staff boasts that its long-range air bombers can command the whole of the Mediterranean from Italy ; and they are increasing the numbers of these very rapidly.

The German Air Force is stated to comprise 800 first-line machines today, mostly bombers. At the present rate of increase it is believed that in two years' time the total German Air Force will comprise 4,000 machines, mostly very fast bombers, capable of flying at a height of over 20,000 feet. French, and other Air Forces are being increased proportionately. With whichever Power we should be at war, should such a catastrophe come upon us, there will be plenty of bombing aircraft available for attacking our merchant ships. When the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, therefore, talks about command of the sea routes, it is to be hoped he is not only considering naval command of the surface of the seas. There will have to be air control also. Otherwise, our overseas supplies of oil and other commodities will be seriously threatened. And this brings us, again, to the question of oil storage. The Civil Lord spoke of adequate storage being available. This is not available now ; but it could be provided, and would be comparatively cheap.

The present-day cost of above-ground storage of petrol or heavy oil is approximately £1 per ton. Allowing 7½ per cent. for interest and depreciation, this works out at only 0.06 pence

per gallon. To store a year's supply of imported fuel oils would cost £8,500,000, or the price of one super-dreadnought battleship. It would be dangerous to store petrol above ground; though in passing it should be noted that at our naval ports one of the most conspicuous landmarks to greet the eyes of a visitor is the large petrol tanks without even the protective colouring of camouflage. A proportion of our requirements, therefore, would probably have to be stored in petrol tanks underground, with a system of pipe lines, and this would be a more expensive matter. But heavy fuel oil can be stored in the existing types of tanks without much danger. Heavy oil is very difficult to set alight with bombs or shells.

As has been stated above, the declared value of our imported fuel oils is £2 10s. a ton. The capital value, therefore, of a year's supply of oil in storage would represent £11,250,000. Allowing £1,000,000 as a subsidy for extra cracking plants and £2,000,000 for storing a proportion of the necessary fuel oils underground in the form of petrol, the whole cost of making this country safe for a year, at any rate as concerns its normal requirements, will be £22,750,000.

And there is another consideration. When the Civil Lord of the Admiralty talks about commanding the sea routes, it is to be hoped that the American Neutrality Laws have not been forgotten. It might well be that we should be involved in a European war, possibly as a member of the League of Nations resisting an aggressor, and that the Congress in Washington would insist on a strict interpretation of the Neutrality Laws and so prevent more than the normal exports of oil from America to ourselves and our allies or associates.

The continued existence of the submarine menace, therefore, and the new danger from the air provide, I suggest, strong arguments for passive defence in the form of stores of essential requirements not produced within our own borders. Granaries, frozen meat stores and oil tanks do not become obsolete as do the offensive weapons of war. Their contents are consumed and replenished as required. Any form of defence means locking up capital in one shape or another, and there seems to be a formidable case for diverting some of the capital expenditure of the defence programme into this form of insurance.

ARMS AND INDUSTRY

By Walton Newbold

OVER six months have elapsed since the National Government renewed its mandate at the polls and came back with a majority pledged to carry through such measures as were needful to uphold the Covenant of the League and to meet the requirements of Imperial defence. Within six weeks of the General Election there developed a crisis which served to throw into vivid relief the fact that these armed forces were insufficient for either purpose. It was certainly not an accidental coincidence that the debates in Parliament on the White Paper on Defence synchronized with a realization of the increasing gravity of that crisis, yet in one quarter of the House no thought appeared to be given to the need of relating policy to armaments and the strategical position of the Empire.

Yet if there was one lesson more than another that ought to have been learnt from the experience of the Great War it was that the armaments for the Forces of the Crown cannot be supplied in anything like the quantities necessary by the manufacturing and mining industries of Great Britain. A second lesson was that it would be most unwise to assume that our own industrial resources could again be largely supplemented by those of the United States. A third offers itself if we contemplate a possible crisis in which not only Italy might be alienated, so that the ships of the British Navy could not safely be moved east of Suez, but we might find Japan playing the reverse role from that which she filled in the last war. These considerations, which would become of the first importance if unfortunately an emergency arose, seem to have been far from the minds of those who clamoured most loudly for the imposition of collective sanctions.

Whatever view we may take of the international situation, it seems by this time to be generally accepted that the necessity

of rearmament has been forced on the reluctant attention of the Home and of the Dominions Governments by the attitude, first, of Japan in China, and, secondly, of Germany in Europe. For my part, I share to the full the view of many of my fellow economists that both those Powers are acting in their present manner—the one of armed aggression and the other of aggressive re-armament—because in no other way, within the contracted world-market, can they find a continuously profitable demand for the products of industries organized for export and, in particular, for export of capital goods. Ever since the Treaty of Rapallo, Germany has turned eastwards to Russia, and her heavy industries were over-expanded from within and over-capitalized from without because of the widely-held belief that the Five Year Plan must fail, and that Russia and the vast spaces of Central and Eastern Asia were destined to be opened up for development over a whole generation by Germany.

By contrast, the policy of successive British Governments has been determined by the paramount influence of Mr. Baldwin and the Chamberlains in favour of ideas conforming to the interests of business as it has developed on " the Birmingham model " in this new day of light industries. They have allowed the older and out-moded heavy industries so far to collapse as to aggravate the social difficulties created by the decline of the coal trade and to leave us with the chronic problem of the distressed areas. They have accepted the logic of " distributive " economics and, whilst continuing to profess a less heterodox theory, in practice, as accomplished politicians, they have acquiesced in the economic creed of post-War Democracy. They have fostered the motor-car industry and the demand for electrical equipment, and a huge spending power has been diverted to house-building and the making of small metal-wares. This has drained away credit from the capital goods industries to the decided detriment of heavy engineering and ship-building.

But at least a sound foundation has been laid on which the carrying out of the present defence programme may proceed. War is a process which is swift in the later stages of its approach, but it is in the earlier stages of its preparation that the huge and intricate problem of defence has to be solved. When explaining

his new armaments policy in the House of Commons on March 9th, Mr. Baldwin said :

> In post-war years we had to choose between, on the one hand, a policy of disarmament, social reform, and latterly financial rehabilitation ; and on the other, a heavy expenditure on armaments. Under a powerful national impulse for development every Government of every party elected for the former, and it is easy to justify it.

Financial rehabilitation was conditioned by the fact that conversion of the great War Loan of 1917 was only contractually possible after May, 1929. It was made practicable by the balancing of the Budget in 1931 and crowned with success by the great conversion of 1932. Thereby the rate of interest on money at long term was brought down to a level at which it became worth while to use it for application to the re-equipment of industry. Protected behind the tariff and able now to draw upon the unified system of electricity generation which was set in hand in 1926 and completed by 1933, the iron, steel, and engineering trades were placed in a position in which they could undertake the task now entrusted to them. Not till this year, however, was it anticipated that the technical basis would be completed, and, until that could be done, there was no purpose to be served by accelerating the plan of rearmament.

The supply side of this appears still to be somewhat nebulous. It cannot be otherwise in the state of uncertainty caused by the present international situation. Is Britain to be faced by an emergency in the near future arising out of a European crisis, or is this a problem that will afford the time to organize the full defensive power of the British Empire ? If the former, then there is nothing for it but to make the best of an equipment and organization that bear no relationship to the stern realities of up-to-date aviation technique. If the latter, then what can be done will depend on the extent to which it is proposed to put the armed forces of Britain at the service of the League. Giving evidence last June before the Royal Commission on the Trade in Arms, immediately after the organizers of the Peace Ballot had sought to commit us to the most drastic use of sanctions, I distressed the Chairman by drawing the logical conclusion from the Ballot, and saying that very soon we should need to erect munition works " in every Welsh valley, in every Pennine

dale, in every Highland glen ". Fortunately the General Election did not endorse the Peace Ballot so much as the National Government, but the point I then made about the location of munitions works is one that I should like to emphasize.

Remote as may be the sites chosen for them, it is not possible to get out of range of the modern bomber operating from adjacent countries. But finishing shops, whether for chemical or mechanical operations, might be camouflaged or split up into units small enough to make the destruction of many of them no crippling blow. They could be erected at the end of railway lines, and roads might be pushed up among the hills in places entirely remote from the congested urban areas.

It is an absurd anachronism that Woolwich Arsenal and the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield should remain to provide quite legitimate targets for aerial attack on the outskirts of London. These two State-owned establishments remain where they were put centuries ago to suit the convenience of campaigns waged by Tudors, Stuarts, and Hanoverians. They have in recent times become the centre-points of two ever-widening spirals of engineering activity. Capital has been drawn to Erith, Dartford, and Crayford on the one hand, and to Edmonton and Enfield on the other by the abundant reserves of skilled labour which every peace-time contraction of demand for artillery and rifles has released from the Government-owned war-factories. First, the Maxim-Nordenfeldt Company and the General Electric Company, and later Henry Ford, have established themselves in Kent and Essex in order to benefit from the supply of trained artizans who have become available to them for the reason given. Anyone who has gone by bus from Wanstead in Mr. Churchill's constituency to the King George V Dock at North Woolwich and noted afar off the wizard's palace of a power-house at Dagenham, and seen the greatest power station in Europe at Barking and the large gas-works and by-products recovery plant at Beckton, must wonder at the supineness of those responsible for the defence of this country. They would understand this attitude a little better, however, if they realized the vested interests that have grown up round Woolwich and Enfield, and knew how intimidating to local members of Parliament, not to mention the Cabinet, is the combined in-

fluence of trade unions, building societies, and co-operative societies.

Yet nothing is more certain than that those establishments and the whole of the potential war-engineering industries of which they were the fount and origin should be moved away and transferred to the distressed areas. A sound national policy requires this on more than one ground. The pitiable conditions in those areas in the North and in Wales have been brought out in the Reports of the Commissioner, Mr. Malcolm Stewart. But, in spite of the most admirable efforts on his part, failure is notorious. Private employers were found to be either so indifferent or so hopeless of any result that they would not even answer the letters in which he suggested the erection of new factories in these areas. The other side of their work, the transference of labour to the south, was a little more fruitful because it corresponded with the natural tendency of labour to move in that direction, of which a striking example was given recently in the FORTNIGHTLY in an account of the remarkable expansion of the town of Luton.

But while labour has been moving south, I do not agree that this means that enterprise is leaving the north. Much of the industry in the factories round London has come in under the tariffs. It was perhaps inevitable that it should congregate in a part of England where there was so much prosperity, and I do not think, therefore, that there is a case for moving much of the general commercial work from the South-east. But the arms industry is different. Here is an opportunity for direct government initiative, which could be exercised in the placing of munitions orders.

At the same time the Government's social policy would benefit. The example of Luton, typical of many other places, showed how the southward drift of labour was creating problems of local government—the provision of new roads, electric light services, and municipal development in many directions. Simultaneously the towns from which this labour was drawn were going derelict, their social amenities were wasted, their shopkeepers and house owners becoming bankrupt. Obviously it is in these areas that the factories in which the Government's armaments programme will be carried out should be erected.

If private enterprise is pulling labour one way it is high time that national rearmament took capital another.

The finishing stages of armament supply can and should be split up and distributed over a number of widely separated areas spread fanwise westwards of railway junctions and road centres like Perth, Stirling, Carlisle, Lancaster, Ambergate, Chester, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Gloucester, Exeter. The primary stages of armament supply present a much more difficult problem in that they cannot be operated so efficiently as small units, and they must be placed near the coast and served by a network of railway sidings and a system of power supply, rigid gas-holders towering heavenwards and big by-product plants, batteries of coke-ovens and steel works like those at Cardiff, and petroleum or coal-oil plants like those on Swansea Bay and Billingham-on-Tees.

But the site of the latter plant for the extraction and fixation of atmospheric nitrogen and the hydrogenation of oil from coal at high pressures is the outstanding case of the complete sacrifice to commercial demand and industrial supply of the most rudimentary need of the nation for security in war. It was determined by the development, in the days before Blériot flew the Channel, of a chemical works on a brine-field by Brunner, Mond & Co. in business association with a great operator of blast-furnaces. Their pig-iron was then made from Cleveland ores. Now, it is made from foreign ores brought half-way down or half-way up the North Sea, and the whole past and present concentration of metal and chemical industry lies exactly opposite Middlesbrough and exposed to attack on the East Coast !

Swansea and its surrounding country were studded in former times with works where tin and zinc were brought from Cornwall to be smelted at the nearest point at which coal was available. Copper and, later, nickel were brought to the same centre. Capital and labour were both drawn as by a magnet, and then, when for commercial reasons the smelting and refining of the non-ferrous metals was done in the foreign countries where they were mined, another area became " distressed ". Transference was arranged for unemployed men to new industrial areas on the lower Thames and the rivers flowing to the Wash and the Humber. The majority of the men, nevertheless, stay

in South Wales to become demoralized or hopeless. Yet there is no need for the iron and other ores that must nowadays be imported from overseas to be sent up the English Channel and through the Straits of Dover to the Thames or round the North of Scotland to places on the East Coast, with all the danger that this means in war-time. They can be convoyed direct to a point off Pembroke, and thence sent either to the ports of the Bristol Channel or into the closed waters of the Irish Sea *en route* to the other " Special Areas " of West Cumberland and the West of Scotland.

THE GAMING LAWS AND FOOTBALL POOLS

By Alfred Fellows

THE foundation of every transaction in the way of betting, gambling, and subscribing to lotteries (which in law includes sweepstakes, but not football pools) is the human desire for "easy money". The legislator must, of course, take human nature as he finds it. That is not to say that, by judicious handling of it, he cannot make the best of the materials at his hand, but he cannot entirely trample on the desires of the great majority, whose acquiescence to any law is essential.

Possibly the most striking illustration of this truth was the Prohibition experiment in America. Even an influential minority may flout a law successfully, as motorists did until the speed limit of twenty miles an hour was repealed. In England we are a law-abiding race, and it might be difficult to name any law, outside those here under discussion, which is now universally disregarded by the people as a whole. Within them there are two prohibitions which large classes, even perhaps the majority of the people, habitually ignore, and there were three such until two years ago.

The obvious dangers of a law which the people generally refuse to observe are twofold: in the first place, it sets citizens against the police, charged with enforcing the obnoxious law, and, in the second, contempt of one law leads by speedy transition to contempt of others and to the whole body of law. Our people are friendly to their police, and wish to assist them, as was strikingly exemplified by the London crowd which harried the dangerous murderers of Sir Henry Wilson, who were ready to kill anybody who stood in their path, until the police captured them. As a contrast, an extract from the Final Report of the Select Committee on the Law as to the Betting Duty, 1923, may be given:

> The police witnesses selected from various parts of the country were unanimous in stating that, in street betting cases alone among others,

> the sympathy and active assistance of the general public in the neighbourhood is with the bettor, whether bookmaker or backer, and against the police; on the contrary, obstacles are put in their way, and every assistance, and particularly warning against the police, is given to the bettors by all who happen to be present in the street. Many of the witnesses account for this attitude of the public by the widespread feeling against the inequality of the laws under which the rich man can bet legally, which the poor man cannot without committing an offence [*sic* in Report, but it is, of course, the bookmaker and not his customer who commits the offence]. Be this as it may, the street bookmakers have perfected a system which gives them practical immunity under the law, and the fact is clearly proved before your Committee, that under the existing law, the suppression of street betting is impossible.

The Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting, 1932-3, testified similarly after hearing various Chief Constables, etc., as to the unpopularity of the duty of harrying the street bookmakers, whose customers some of the police actually were when off duty. As a matter of fact, if a stranger in any fair-sized English town went into a public-house and convinced other customers and those behind the bar that he was not a police agent in disguise he could find the local street bookmaker or his runner just about as easily as a stranger in New York or Chicago could have found a " speak-easy " in prohibition days.

The extraordinary anomalies of this state of things are well illustrated by a test case in the King's Bench about three years ago. In a previous case nearly sixty years ago it was decided that a bookmaker, carrying on in a lawful manner, was subject to income-tax on his profits, notwithstanding that his business debtors could not be successfully sued, for they could all plead the Gaming Act. The barristers who then argued that the profits were not taxable because the earnings were not recoverable must have wished that they could establish the principle for their own professional fees, which, of course, are on the same basis. The Court held that bookmakers, like barristers, although the law will not assist them to recover their professional earnings, must pay professional income-tax. That, of course, applied to incomes lawfully earned.

In the more recent case to which I refer, however, the defendant was a street bookmaker whose business income, a very large one, was made in entire disregard of the Street Betting Act of 1906. A schedule was put in evidence showing no less than thirty-five

convictions against the defendant and his employees, runners, sentries, and others. The court held that the illegal income was taxable—just as an American Court had done in respect of the bootlegging and other unlawful activities of Mr. Al Capone and his friends a few years previously. A contrary decision would, no doubt, have led to the result of penalizing the law-abiding and rewarding the law-breakers.

The remarkable part of the case, however, is that in the report the name of the bookmaker is wholly suppressed—not, one may suppose, because he was a particularly shy man or would have objected to the extra advertisement for his business, but presumably to save the faces of the authorities, who, on officially being informed of this illegal business, would have been obliged to suppress it—or try to suppress it. The anonymity has presumably allowed it to continue. Had the man been a burglar or professional murderer for hire, it is inconceivable that, whether his swag or blood-money was taxable or otherwise, he would have been allowed to continue his operations.

In the above case it seems to have been assumed that the Street Betting Act was in effect a dead letter so far as checking the operations of this particular practitioner was concerned. Yet it was passed in this century. No light is thrown in the case on the interesting question whether the bookmaker was allowed to treat the fines inflicted as " overheads ", and deduct them from profits.

As to the second danger, the fact that one universally flouted law tends to destroy respect for the law generally, the example from across the Atlantic may again be cited. The American gangster, beginning with violation of laws relating to the sale of intoxicating liquor, ends up with robbery, murder and, on occasion, wholesale massacres of police or rivals who may stand in his way.

There can, of course, be no question as to the undesirability of street betting. It has come about because the Betting Act, 1853, which forbids betting offices to which customers resort, or where ready money is taken, efficiently administered as it has been, provides no safety-valve for a popular demand.

The wholesale and practically unchecked infraction of the law by street bookmakers and, indirectly, by their customers, is no

doubt the greatest blot on the law here discussed, and, as above proved, the most dangerous in its consequences and tendencies. It does not, however, stand alone. Whist drives, carried on in the ordinary way, have been held to infringe the law against unlawful gaming, the law against gaming-houses, and that against betting-houses—for one of the features of these statutes is confusion and overlapping. Yet whist drives are advertised every day in the popular press. The law again is infringed in a wholesale manner, offset by an occasional pounce by the local police. Whether it shall be broken or observed appears to depend on their decision. The evidence collected appears to show that they exercise this discrimination judiciously, but it is not one which should be entrusted to them at all. In certain countries—possibly, indeed, in most countries other than our own—it would lead to wholesale bribery and corruption of the police, who would only prosecute those who did not pay them enough.

Incidentally, one of the evils of street betting is the corruption of the police by street bookmakers, sometimes proved to be very extensive, as at Sheffield a few years ago. A policeman who accepts a bribe from a street bookmaker would, no doubt, indignantly spurn the like offer from a burglar, but the process is demoralising, and the unholy alliance between police and criminals in certain cities of America illustrates the tendency.

Again, a gaming-house is a place where unlawful games are habitually played for money. In a classical judgment about fifty years ago, the late Lord Brampton, then Mr. Justice Hawkins, laid down the proposition that every game of cards which was not a game of mere skill was an unlawful game within certain Hanoverian statutes which are still unrepealed. Plainly, since every game of cards must depend on the fall of the cards, which again must depend on chance, all games of cards are unlawful within those statutes and, if they are habitually played for money in the same place, that place is a gaming-house and its proprietors are liable to fine and imprisonment.

It is suggested that the police discriminate between bridge and baccarat, prosecuting in cases where the latter is habitually played and leaving bridge alone. If they make this discrimination, they are no doubt administering a law founded on commonsense, but it is not the law of the land as enacted by Parliament

and interpreted by judges. Generally speaking, the mere gambler avoids bridge as requiring patience, memory, and concentration, and he would be as unwelcome to the habitués of bridge clubs as their ways and methods would be to him. The " post-mortem " is not a feature of baccarat and chemin de fer.

Obviously a more exact legal discrimination between games of skill and games of chance is needed. The Gaming Houses Act is, however, breaking down in another direction. Certain persons take flats or houses for short terms, and, knowing their clientele, send out invitations to At Homes, at which uncontrolled gambling is permitted. This is so paying a proposition that they can afford to leave and take another place before the police can collect sufficient evidence for a prosecution, for evidence of gaming on one night only is not enough. By the time there is sufficient evidence the exploiters have decamped, and the process must be begun anew for the next scene of operations. If the police were allowed to prove continuous promotion of gambling by individuals at various addresses this policy might be met and countered, but the present law does not allow of it.

Football pools present a problem second only in serious consequences to ready-money betting in streets. It is, of course, well known that credit betting is allowed in circumstances when ready-money betting is forbidden. Hitherto this has given freedom for the backer who settles accounts by cheque, while the workman who bets has had to pass his slip and shilling furtively to his chosen bookmaker or the latter's runner. This in effect constituted or constitutes one law for the rich and another for the poor. The discrimination may be regarded as much more defensible and benevolent than that which practically applies to divorce, for example, but it appears to have been much resented by the classes thus protected from their own extravagances.

Now, however, football pools, being conducted on the credit system, and through the post, come under the easier laws of credit betting. They are not lotteries in law (though for practical purposes they are so) because a lottery must wholly depend on chance, and the football pool votary who sends in his or her coupon selects certain teams as winners, exercising a choice which may be based on such skill as may be needed in backing a horse.

Sixpences and even smaller sums are taken, and the operators who retain 10 or even 20 per cent. of the money sent can afford to be scrupulously honest, for their profits are enormous.

This kind of credit betting is, of course, much more insidious than cash betting, because there is a very strong temptation to send another coupon when forwarding the stake. This temptation does not assail the workman who pays his shilling beforehand in the same way. As is well known, there was a clause originally inserted in the Betting and Lotteries Bill of two years ago framed to suppress football pools, but it was dropped. The reasons for this omission appear to require considerably more explanation than has hitherto been given.

The recent attempt to revive the clause by a private bill in the House of Commons was suppressed by a majority of twelve to one against it. Yet it was officially stated that those who exploit the pools take from the public about twenty million pounds a year. The veto on whist drives may well appear farcical in comparison. The Government spokesman stated the official view that it was too soon after the Act of 1934 to introduce fresh legislation on the subject. Two answers may be made to that argument.

In the first place, the extent of pool betting has increased enormously since that Act was passed, and in the second, it gives a precedent for shelving a reform which may lose votes by putting it in a Bill and then dropping it. In effect, it is the argument of the man who murdered his parents and then pleaded for mercy as a poor orphan. The Government representative also stated that street betting dominated the whole situation—a very good argument for dealing with street betting, but a very poor one for shrinking from the football pool problem.

Yet it might be solved without prohibition by a perfectly simple Bill, if the Government had the courage to introduce it. It would only be necessary to enact that a mutual betting pool which promised or gave to any subscriber more than a hundred times his subscription should be deemed a lottery. Thus the humble subscriber would find his day-dreams of a great fortune vanish, and his temptation would be much reduced.

Some credit, nevertheless, must be given to the Government which passed the Betting and Lotteries Act, even without the

suppression of football pools, in that, in allowing raffles at bazaars, club and office sweepstakes, etc., and prohibiting other lotteries, it has put the law as to lotteries on a reasonable basis which the average Englishman will be ready to respect. Previously, by an Act of William III, all lotteries (which as stated above include sweepstakes) whether public or private, were declared public nuisances, and their promoters fined £500, a proportion going to an informer. This law was not passed in zeal for the people's morals, but to prevent competition with the official promotions. Save for the informer being deprived of his reward, it was not repealed until 1934.

It was, of course, universally disregarded, so far as private sweepstakes and bazaar raffles were concerned. Even worse still, successive Home Secretaries, when asked questions about sweepstakes at clubs, etc., rose in the House of Commons and declared, with absolute untruth, that they had no power in law to interfere with them. The few Home Secretaries who were not lawyers might have been excused for their personal ignorance, but the taxpayer foots the bill for an expensive staff of legal advisers to the Home Office, and it is inconceivable that all such persons should have been ignorant of the Act of 1698. Such ignorance would have been clear evidence of unfitness for office. The right answer in each case would have been that the Government neither dared repeal this law nor enforce it. Economy of truth was preferred to confession of moral cowardice. The old Act was repealed by the Act of 1934, but the records of Hansard remain.

Earlier Acts than that of 1698 still govern the gaming laws. One of Henry VIII, passed in 1541, is the foundation of the jurisdiction for binding over persons found in gaming-houses not to frequent, etc. This may be a useful process, and an ancient law is not necessarily bad—otherwise Magna Charta would be nearly the worst in our books and the Habeas Corpus Act not much better. Still, the Act of Henry VIII was passed to forbid all sorts of games which we would now regard as innocent, or even laudable, to the end that King Henry's subjects should be conscripted for archery to defeat his enemies. Thus its object is clearly out of date. The rule which so curiously survives from it should receive more modern clothing.

The Hanoverian statutes previously mentioned, passed in the comparatively modern atmosphere of the eighteenth century, specifically forbade the games of Ace of Hearts, Basset, and Passage. These games still remain forbidden, and the law is no doubt here scrupulously observed, for no one now knows how to play them. Hazard and a few other obsolete games are also disallowed. It is perhaps needless to add that nothing was said as to baccarat, poker, and bridge, though these, as previously stated, have since been held to be unlawful games generally. For some reason or other games on backgammon boards, though played with dice, were excepted from prohibition.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that the compost of Tudor, Hanoverian, Victorian, and modern statutes has produced a medley of disregarded prohibitions and dangerous licences, based on no sort of consistent principle, resulting in street betting, football pools with their attendant evils, and a host of minor absurdities. There is possibly no body of English law which more urgently needs reform, though it may be admitted that the laws as to divorce and Sunday observance have certain claims to be as bad or worse.

Only one reason can be given why these laws are not reformed, and that is that they concern moral issues and provoke a sharp fissure of opinion which cuts across all the political parties. This fissure in the case of gaming lies between the spiritual descendants of Puritans and Cavaliers, and no party has hitherto had the moral courage to deal with the problem as a whole for fear of estranging its pious supporters at one end and the sportsmen at the other.

The problem, however, cannot be much longer shirked if exploiters of football pools are to be allowed without hindrance and without limit to receive the pence of the poor in enormous gambles. If the Government cannot prevent this kind of gambling, the other prohibitions are ridiculous, and it might as well revert to the eighteenth century custom of promoting Government pools or lotteries so that the over-burdened taxpayer, rather than the private exploiter of human frailty and foolishness, should have the benefit.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

A Monthly Commentary

FLUID as the European situation remains, one may note certain features in it. Breach of the Locarno treaty, effected by military force, presented France and Belgium with a legitimate *casus belli*: and a reply by military action must be immediate if it were to be effective. Such action was feared for some hours in Germany and was desired and advocated in France by powerful interests—notably the Jewish. Suppose it taken, England would have been in a very awkward position, as her commitments under the Locarno treaty would in the opinion of France and Belgium have bound her to support their resistance; and abstention would have lowered very greatly in Europe the value of any English pledge. The French, however, refrained from putting this excessive strain on their guarantor; partly, no doubt, from military prudence, but probably more decisively for another reason. Once French soil is violated, all France rises. But it is increasingly doubtful whether the French army would march outside the French border in anything that could be represented as an aggressive movement.

Hitler's Second Thoughts

Many Englishmen will be moved by admiration for what they regard as Germany's superior courage; and certainly the willingness to face war is greater in Germany than in the countries which adhere to the League of Nations. This dual attitude in England, of attachment to the League and of admiration for a nation which defies it, makes a grave difficulty for Europe.

It is of course true that, as his admirers urge, Herr Hitler does not want war. He merely wants to get by threats of war

all that he can without staking the supreme hazard. There is, however, evidence now that he realizes the danger of this game and wishes to get on to a new footing. The presence of a constant German menace in the centre of Europe leads inevitably to encirclement, and the pact between France and the Soviets—entered into despite the very great dislike in France for Bolshevik ideals—has brought that danger very close. There is only one way out of encirclement for Germany, and that leads back into the League of Nations. But it is not an easy way to travel for the dictator who flounced out of Geneva, flinging defiance. For Germany, the only acceptable way of return was that the dictator should come back on his own terms, as a concession magnanimously offered to the League.

Germany's Return to the League

Military occupation of the Rhineland may have had one or other of two purposes. If Germany designs to undertake military operations in the East or South-east, she will be able to do so much more freely once her frontier in the West is strongly fortified. On the other hand, if Herr Hitler has decided to abandon for a period his attitude of armed defiance and settle down to economic developments, this dramatic coup will have satisfied the mind of Germany. A glove has been thrown down, and (as the challenger rightly anticipated) no one has picked it up. An offer is added, to make it easier for Europe to accept the defiant breach of treaty. Provided that the other Powers do not pick up the glove, Hitler offers twenty-five years of peace—quite definitely on the West, and somewhat less definitely on the East. As a final reward for Europe's complaisance, he will even be willing to re-enter the League.

If this reading of the facts is correct, Hitler is offering to Europe as a bribe the very thing which it is his object to attain. He wants to be in the League. If he can say to his people, "I re-enter the League as a conqueror, with a conqueror's position," all is well for his power. Further, having dictated to the League from outside, he will be little less than paramount inside it. Whatever he does, he can, it seems, count on the admiration and sympathy of a large body of opinion in England. He can count more surely on the general tendency of the English people to

disapprove anything proposed by France. In addition to those who feel this temperamental attraction to Germany, and equally temperamental aversion from France, all Englishmen desire to see Germany back in the League.

Facing the Consequences

Yet it is well to look at the facts. If the return is on Hitler's conditions, Germany, having broken all the pledges that it did not suit her to keep, will be welcomed back into an institution whose central principle is that respect of obligations shall be substituted for the rule of force. Italy, which has never formally left the League, will claim in justice that her infringements of the League's vital principles shall be recognized as steps necessary in the spread of civilization. Thus, with Germany back and Italy reconciled, the League will enter on a new and nominally extended phase of its existence. But, beyond yea or nay, such a League can have nothing to do with keeping the peace of Europe. That will be left to a series of regional alliances. Europe has indeed Germany's pledge for a period of five-and-twenty years. It may suit Germany to keep it, or may not. But England has apparently decided that any actual invasion of French or Belgian territory by Germany is to be regarded as a *casus belli*. What would happen if Italy invaded France is not so clear ; although, if it could be shown that the thing happened because France was carrying out a mandate of the League, England would be reminded that she had asked and obtained guarantees of assistance from France in a similar case—when indeed the aggression feared was aggression on Egyptian, not on British, territory.

But up to the present the declared intention of England is to resist aggression that takes place in the Rhine valley : and beyond this England refuses to be committed. Who, then, is to resist aggression in the east of Europe ? Russia ? France is prepared to act with Russia. It is to be hoped that at least one contingency will be avoided by British statesmen. If Germany should feel it necessary to assert her emancipation by re-occupying some territory that previously was German—say, in Silesia—and Russia and France should seek to prevent this by war, there must be no compact under which Germany could claim support

from England, on the plea that France had committed an act of aggression. That would have been pleaded, at least from the German standpoint, under the Locarno Treaty.

The Case of Italy

There is further the difficult case of Italy. Englishmen say that Hitler's breach of the Treaties has been merely academic; that he fired no shot, let loose no poison gas, but simply moved German troops into German territory; whereas Italy, in Abyssinia, has notably broken all pledges and has slaughtered thousands in a most unequal warfare. Yet all Frenchmen, and indeed all continental peoples, believe that England's vehement opposition to Italy was due to England's anxiety for the route to India; and they say that England by estranging France from Italy has greatly weakened Europe's power of resistance to German designs. Those designs they regard as deferred merely till the moment when Germany shall feel able to execute them. The whole concern of France is to build up a military structure which Germany dare not challenge. The French would prefer that this structure should be not merely conformable with the League, but identical with it. Yet up to the present, England has been the decisive obstacle to this design of placing military resources at the League's disposal.

It follows from all this that unless the understanding between France and England is to be rendered worthless, England must give the most emphatic and unconditional assurance of determination to defend the French and Belgian frontiers against any aggression. This is her minimum possible response to the situation produced in the Rhineland in which she has decided to acquiesce. Yet even with this assurance given, if England presses for bringing back Germany into the League on Germany's own terms, France will claim that Italy should be spared any further annoyance, and so encouraged to co-operate wholeheartedly with her in Europe.

The objection to this course is that it renders the League futile. There is the further objection that Italy, having defied the League once successfully outside Europe, may be disposed to defy it again not so far afield. On the other hand, to insist on rigour being shown alike to Germany's breach of contract and to

Italy's, may keep Germany out of the League, and drive Italy out also.

Danubian Dangers

It is at least arguable that this is the less bad alternative. If the League is made a reality, both Germany and Italy will have to come into it sooner or later. But the League can only be a reality if the nations comprising it have a will to their end as resolute as that of the dictators. At least they have this in their favour. The ends of the two dictatorships are not reconcilable ; the League pursues a common end for all nations. But nothing can be done unless Great Britain recognizes that the League, if it is to survive, must be supported at all points by all its members. And up to the present Great Britain has refused to accept this view of it. Already in the valley of the Danube Germany's stroke has dangerous repercussions. Austria asserts an intention to rearm, disregarding the Treaty of Versailles. And, indeed, if the provisions of that Treaty are to be set aside for Germany, it is not easy to see how the same licence can be denied with justice to a State whose independence has been menaced by force organized on German territory. But the States of the Petite Entente offer opposition. This would probably not be serious, were it not that Hungary claims the same right to rearm. Hungary, however, more anxious to preserve a correct attitude, and probably with reason more apprehensive, confines herself to making the claim. In fact, Austria is a menace to no one ; but Yugoslavia and Rumania are far from thinking that this would be true of a rearmed Hungary. M. Milan Hodja, another of the able statesmen that Czechoslovakia has given to Europe, after establishing contacts in Paris, sought to find means for a Danube Entente in Vienna ; but, going on to Belgrade, he found his initiative checked. Mussolini meanwhile invites the representatives of Austria and Hungary to conference in Rome ; and France will go far to help Italy to prevent the *Anschluss*. But one thing is certain. No nation in the Danube valley will count on effective support from the League of Nations. No statesman, in view of the present situation, could reasonably ask any nation to expect it, unless new and very definite decisions are taken by the Great Powers in the League.

As Lord Halifax said in a grave speech, we are at the cross-roads. A government in which Lord Halifax carries weight cannot be without vision. Yet where is leadership? France is distracted by party conflicts, and only forced into unity by a sharp reminder of peril; no man in France commands anything like a general allegiance. A few months back England, united under a strong National Government, looked up willingly and confidently to Mr. Baldwin and had enthusiastic faith in Mr. Eden; since then, fumbling uncertainty appears to have paralysed the nerve of action. Mr. Eden retains prestige because of his continued vehemence against Italy's course, which grows more and more distasteful to England in proportion as it seems likely to succeed by scientific savagery. But it is not with Mr. Eden that leadership rests. There is in Mr. Baldwin a force, strangely intermittent in its manifestations, yet able when it manifests itself to rally England for an ideal. He, and no one else, can say for England to the two Powers which defy all binding contracts: "We are ready to help you reasonably to whatever claim you can make good by reason—even if it be a claim on us—but for what you seek to take by violence, anywhere and at any time, we stand with Europe in defence against you". Once that were said, with the Prime Minister's authority, all bickerings between France and England would be ended. And if it be urged that Germany would regard this as encirclement and resist it by war, the answer is that the General Staff dare not begin a war: for a symbolic instance, they were defeated in 1918 largely because they had run out of butter; today they would begin a war with butter already rationed. As to Italy, war against England must mean the sacrifice of every man and every gun in Abyssinia because they could not be supplied against Powers controlling the sea.

Leadership Lacking

Admittedly such a pronouncement would meet much hostility in some camps of English opinion: at a cross-roads if decision is left to a council of war, agreement is never likely. This course moves towards the same goal as the French proposals, set out in opposition to Herr Hitler's—what has been described as a United States of Europe. France proposes, indeed, the creation

Only England Can Decide

of an international force to be at the disposal of the League's central authority against breakers of international law. German critics argue that this would enable France and England to dictate to Europe, because the smaller Powers would adhere to them. Apparently, then, even Germans recognize that the smaller Powers do not fear invasion of their rights by France and by England, and do fear it from Germany. It is a more serious objection that France proposes to stereotype all European boundaries by international law for a period of five-and-twenty years. Yet even this would be preferable to leaving Germany, or Italy, to alter frontiers at their own discretion by force or show of force.

English opinion inclines to condemn French proposals (sometimes respectfully, sometimes contemptuously) as " too logical ". But the pith of the French proposal does not lie in its detail. It lies in the organized consent of those who are guardians of European civilization to resist acts of lawless aggression, even where their own recognized interest is not directly menaced—as England's is in the Rhineland.

If the question is to be judged solely by the narrow measure of obvious national interest, we may give up the League of Nations as a lost cause. And it will have been given up by England. France is willing to extend her risks in a general insurance against aggressive war. It is true that France sees her own interest in so doing : England's failure to see the same may be short-sighted. But the language that one would like to hear used in England would speak not of interest, but of England's concern for freedom. I have been reading Robert Bridges in his *Testament of Beauty*—the deepest voice that came out of England since the war. In it he tells how modern science, " outrunning all magic ", sends out voices which

> mantled in light's velocity, over land and sea
> are omnipresent, speaking aloud to every ear,
> into every heart and home their unhinder'd message,
> the body and soul of Universal Brotherhood ;
> whereby war faln from savagery to fratricide,
> from a trumpeting vainglory to a crying shame,
> stalketh now with blasting curse branded on its brow.

Yes, but by the same magic we can hear today from Rome vainglory trumpeting over the triumphs of its winged flame

throwers ; and in Germany there is no brand on the brow of war. To England and France, nations not backward in battle, such glory today is repugnant ; yet both would hold with Bridges (in another passage) that—

> the duty of mightiness is to protect the weak :
> and since slackness in duty is unto noble minds
> a greater shame and blame than any chance offence
> ensuing on right conduct, this hath my assent,—
> that where ther is any savagery ther wil be war :
> the warrior therefore needeth no apology.

If England sees that " duty of mightiness " more clearly in Abyssinia, France is more alive to it in Europe ; and though if Czechoslovakia, for instance, a country of as free civilization as any in Europe, were threatened with destruction, England might feel that freedom was at stake, yet the case of Abyssinia shows how hard it is to check a resolute destroyer once he has started. The question for all, now at the crossroads, is whether it shall be made clear that fire-raising is too dangerous an enterprise ; and only England really can decide.

From the 18th Century

It is pleasant to turn from the tide movements of this very distracted world to an age when people had leisure to be charming ; when they put on paper much that now is syncopated along a telephone wire. At least three great ladies of the eighteenth century are immortal by their charm ; it has not died with them. One, the Duchess of Queensberry, Prior's Kitty, Gay's champion and patroness, does not come at all into the book I have been reading ; but Mrs. Howard, Countess of Suffolk, was a dear friend of that other who is Miss Dorothy Stuart's subject—Lady Hervey, " youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell ". It was Gay who found that enchanting phrase to describe her : yet in truth what survives of " Molly Lepell " is the charm of her mature and balanced age. We see her best through Horace Walpole's eyes, and his taste was decidedly for old ladies rather than for young ones. He was in love with their urbanity ; could there be a more perfect expression of that quality than in Lady Hervey's dimissory notice of Pulteney, Lord Bath ? " I am sorry he is dead ; he was very agreeable and entertaining, and whenever I was well enough to go down-

stairs and give him a good dinner, he was always ready to come and give me his good company in return." A lady with that turn of mind, and of utterance, was certain to be in love with France, and Lady Hervey was much more whole-hearted in her attachment to the French than Horace Walpole or any other of that generation, so much at home in Paris. But one of her engaging traits is English more than French : she could not be content with merely giving good dinners. Walpole writes to her—

> It is very hard one can't come into your house and commend anything but you must recollect it and send it after one ! You are very grateful indeed to Providence that gave you so good a memory, to stuff it with nothing but bills of fare of what everybody likes to eat and drink ! I wonder you are not ashamed. Do you think there is no such thing as gluttony of memory ?

But it was a self-indulgence with her to do little things that made her friends feel they were not out of mind. She writes from London to Walpole in Paris about scissors—" very neat, very sharp and very highly polished. They are from Gray, who makes them much better than either of the men I went to in the City and behind St. Clement's church. If you approve, I desire to be your Commissionaire for all things where only care and not *goût* is requisite ". Is not that a picture of a great lady's shopping—seven generations ago ? and a picture also of good nature—the quality by which she appears to have set special store. She is surprised that her correspondent Mr. Morris (although a divine), should confuse it with good temper. " As I take it, good nature is a quality of the soul and good temper of the body : the one always feels for everybody, the other frequently feels for nobody. Good tempers are often soured by illness or disappointments ; good nature can be altered by neither ; one would choose the one in a companion, the other in a friend."

Miss Stuart has had access to much unused material for this biography, and she has made the most thorough use of a high privilege. We can all now, thanks to her, become fully acquainted with Queen Caroline's Maid of Honour and Horace Walpole's friend.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

MR. PICKWICK'S ENGLAND

By A. J. A. Symons.

THE PICKWICK PORTRAIT GALLERY. *Chapman & Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THE ORIGIN OF PICKWICK, by Walter Dexter and J. W. T. Ley. *Chapman & Hall.* 5*s.*

This harassed year of armament and disorganization, of European suspense and African warfare, has the distinction of being the centenary of *The Pickwick Papers*; and the original publishers have marked the occasion by publishing two volumes of Pickwickiana which testify to the power still exercised by Dickens's first masterpiece. In *The Pickwick Portrait Gallery* sixteen admirers, mainly writers, depict anew, with the aid of the old plates, the principal characters of the novel; and in *The Origin of Pickwick* two learned commentators have examined with studious care the circumstances by which Robert Seymour's projected Nimrod Club of Cockney Sportsmen became the Pickwick Club of Charles Dickens.

Perhaps we are in danger of forgetting that gradually, during the hundred years of its happy life, *Pickwick* has changed colour. To the first readers, those who saw it in monthly parts or the original edition, it was a lively, satirical, highly tinted picture of the world around them. They did not know Mr. Pickwick himself, but they knew Goswell Street where he lived, they knew the coaches by which he travelled, the towns he visited, the hats he wore; his surroundings were their own. But slowly, as the decades passed, Mr. Pickwick's world passed too; and now, save in the English character, how little of it remains! Only a hundred years, yet the transformation is almost complete, and from being a reflection of the contemporary scene, *Pickwick* has become the key to a vanished way of living which seems the fantasy of a dream, so different is it from our own. In those magic pages the poor eat oysters, gentlemen dine at five, duels are still fought or prevented, inns are still good, coaches, chaises and postillions are still to be seen on the roads, the Cockney has character and the hero lives in the city!

Only in the broadest sense do human circumstances remain unchanged. Human *character* is, in the main, stable, though by no means as stable as the psychologists assert; but the variety of human *institutions* as they exist throughout the globe even today should warn us against supposing, as we do too often and too lightly, that any particular expression of life is "inevitable". The world in which we live is as it is, not because it must be so, but because we have allowed it so to be.

No writer shows a more acute sense of the variableness of the conditions of living than Dickens; and it made him not only a reformer, but also an observer. He did not take his own time, his own background, for granted; he looked at life with astonishment, delight, amusement and reproof, and expressed each of these feelings in his fictions. Unlike

Thackeray, he implies a belief in the *perfectibleness* of human nature, its possible release from its own thralls. This is the secret of Mr. Pickwick's growth from folly to wisdom, from the credulous traveller of the opening chapters to the reasonable enjoyment into which he proposes to retire in the last. Experience has taught him what may be made of life; and after "having devoted the greater part of two years to mixing with different shades and varieties of human character, frivolous as my pursuit of novelty may have appeared to many . . . numerous scenes of which I had no previous conception have dawned upon me—I hope to the enlargement of my mind and the improvement of my understanding". So he turns, in the spirit of Cowley's underestimated essays, to "a house which exactly suited my fancy" in a "quiet, pretty neighbourhood in the vicinity of London" where he hopes to "spend many quiet years in peaceful retirement, cheered through life by the society of my friends".

Compare the prospect of individual satisfaction, of felicity springing from experience tempered by material welfare and conviviality, books, furniture, a good cellar, and a garden, which here and elsewhere Dickens presents, with the despondent anticipations of Mr. Aldous Huxley, who can find nothing in humanity to which to anchor his brave new world; or even with the anticipations of that man of genius who, in our own time, most resembles Dickens, Mr. H. G. Wells. In his autobiography Mr. Wells frankly confesses that for himself, at sixty-five, he does not want the "stuff of everyday life . . . clash of personalities, music and beauty, eating and drinking, travel and meetings, new lands and strange spectacles" unless "my work can be more than ever the emergent meaning." He wants life as a means to an end, not as an end in itself. Such an attitude may be justified in a writer conscious of works not yet written and aching to be born; it cannot be a rule for humanity. *We* want "music and beauty, eating and drinking, travel and meetings" as the reward of labour, not as a means to it; but, if we are not careful, the idea that the end of life is effort (as opposed to enjoyment) will be imposed upon us also. "In studies and studios and laboratories, in administrative bureaux and exploring expeditions, a new world is germinated and develops". Yes, but what, materially, will that new world offer? Of what use is it to us Pickwickians if aeroplanes hum in the heavens and railways hasten underground, if the surface of the countryside is dishevelled with uniformly ugly council-houses, if oysters become a luxury, if beer is impoverished by chemical processes, wine taxed out of its quality, and personality subdued to a common pattern?

Studies, studios, laboratories and administrative bureaux may do what they will; the necessity remains for us to realize, as Mr. Pickwick did, that individual enjoyment is the true end of living, that the most urgent of our duties is to be happy, and that happiness depends to a great extent upon personal and material satisfaction.

TRUSLOVE and HANSON
BOOKSELLERS STATIONERS
FOR ALL BOOKS ALWAYS
One of the many bargains in our Catalogue A (Books at Special Prices).
Leverhulme Art Collection:
Profusely illustrated with examples of English Painting: Chinese Porcelain: Wedgwood Pottery: English Furniture, etc. etc.
3 Volumes £15 : 15 : 0 for £3 : 3 : 0
FINE NOTEPAPERS A SPECIALITY
Write for our lists and prices.
14a CLIFFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

SHELLEY PSYCHO-ANALYSED

By Richard Church.

IN DEFENCE OF SHELLEY: and Other Essays, by Herbert Read. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is an amusing comment on our times that we should see two of our most serious literary critics engaged in a wrestling match. For twenty years Mr. T. S. Eliot has sought to defame Shelley, rationalising a dislike that he inherited from Matthew Arnold and Patmore, and they from Charles Lamb and probably Keats. In all cases the dislike has been for the man rather than for his work: Lamb hating his shrill voice, Keats suspecting his aristocratic patronage, Arnold and Patmore being disgusted by his pre-Victorian candour about his conjugal heterodoxy.

Mr. Eliot, disliking the man on all these counts, and adding a private nausea of his own, has tried to prove that a man who was such a "blackguard" could not possibly write great poetry.

Unfortunately, Shelley's technical carelessness, his amateurish enthusiasm and gush (not dissimilar to the Eton and Balliol Communism of some of our young literary bloods today) led him to over-write, and to dissolve much of his magnificent transcendental poetry in a cheaper fluid which time has turned brackish.

Mr. Eliot has therefore had an easy work. Indeed, it has seemed almost too easy to the onlookers who have watched him pouring his corrosive oil on the wings of Arnold's "ineffectual angel."

Mr. Read, moved to pity by the spectacle, has obviously felt the difficulty of trying to save Shelley's reputation as a major poet, one of the great subjective poets of the world. He has not trusted himself as a defender of the creative genius of the writer, and after making a magnificent analysis of the poetry and the mind that created it, he has forced himself to a further effort that is not so convincing, trying to explain Shelley's personal idiosyncrasies and shocking behaviour, by recourse to psycho-analysis.

For this last supererogatory effort Mr. Read has been vigorously attacked by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. Considering how excellently, how clearly, concisely and unanswerably Mr. Read's critique of Shelley's poetry has been presented, I think that his over-anxiety in this other matter might have been passed. Mr. Read is an artist, and not a scientist. He weakens his intuition and his style by playing with the scientist's tools, especially when the tools are such clumsy objects as those used by the psychologists.

Shelley's matrimonial affairs have become world gossip: but we still do not know, and can never know, the full facts. And how can science be applied to imperfect data? We can only use common sense and charity. We know that he was emotionally abnormal, that he suffered from hallucinations, and was subject to sudden attacks of mental or nervous exhaustion that caused him to fall asleep suddenly, anywhere and at any time.

Mr. Read seeks to prove by psycho-analytical methods that Shelley was unconsciously homosexual. I cannot see how one can accept such a theory about a man who was preternaturally alert to the stimulating powers possessed by women. At the other extreme, one of the last emotional adventures of Shelley's life was his suggestion to Jane

Williams that they should experiment together by capsizing their boat and drowning. He was only prevented by the calm, matter-of-factness of his lovely "Miranda."

Such an act, a final sublimation of erotic excitement, might lead one to agree with Mr. Read's line of analysis, in which he traces the effect of the man's abnormal subjectiveness and lack of contact with environment, a *real* participation in the minds of other people. Mr. Read shows how it led the poet along the path of abstract speculation, following other poets of his own kind, Plato and Dante in particular, achieving in his work more and more astonishing command over the expression of what had never before been expressible; nuances of emotion; conditions of trance-like ecstasy; pulses of sensation that seemed of astral rather than human origin; distillation of colour, sound, touch, both present and remembered, into an essence that teases the imagination of the reader into a fantasy of first and last things.

Mr. Read shows all these individual glories of Shelley's poetry, and reminds us how they are conveyed in a personal rhythm unmatched in English verse. He refutes Mr. Eliot's attack on Shelley's "vagueness and woolliness" by tracing Shelley's intellectual parentage in Homer, Plato, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, and other giants, and by reminding us of the poet's brilliant scholarship.

Much more might be said in commendation of Mr. Read's defence of Shelley. Perhaps the greatest praise one can offer him is that after reading his essay, one realizes afresh how unnecessary such a defence has been, and how great a poet Shelley is, in spite of the fact that Charles Lamb disliked his shrill voice, that Arnold disliked his conduct, and that Mr. Eliot dislikes him for the same reason as the anonymous rhymster disliked Dr. Fell.

ITALY IN THE MAKING: JUNE 1846—JANUARY 1848, by G. F. H. and J. Berkeley. *Cambridge University Press.* 21*s.*

THIS book forms the second volume of the elaborate work in which Mr. Berkeley plans to tell in detail the story of the Italian *Risorgimento*. The first volume, published in 1932, covered a period of thirty years, from the Restorations of 1815 down to the election of Pope Pius IX in 1846. During those thirty years Italy had been virtually ruled from Vienna. A Bourbon might occupy the throne at Naples; there were Hapsburg Princes at Florence, at Modena and at Parma; the House of Savoy reigned over the Kingdom of Sardinia from Turin. These Princes were, however, little more than puppets; and they danced to the tune played by Metternich, who, in addition, was directly responsible for the government of Lombardy and Venetia.

As we approach the critical "Year of Revolution" (1848) we can discern various forces making for change in the condition of Italy. First, there was Mazzini with his "Young Italy" Party. Their object was to expel the hated Austrians, to get rid of the puppets and their thrones, and to establish in a liberated Italy a unitary Republic. Secondly, there were those who, like the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, looked to the leadership of the House of Savoy, and hoped to see Italy federated, if not unified, under the presidency of the King of Sardinia.

A third Party—perhaps, at the moment the most influential—was known as that of the *Neo-Guelphs*. They, like the two former Parties, hoped to see Italy liberated from the Austrian yoke, and federated, but under the presidency of the Pope, who was still the ruler of twenty Italian Provinces, covering 16,000 square miles of territory, and commanding the immediate (civil) allegiance of some 3,000,000 subjects.

On June 1st, 1846, the old Pope Gregory XVI—a stern and unbending Tory—died: on the 16th, Cardinal Mastai Ferretti was elected as his successor and took the name—immortal in history—of Pio Nono. The new Pope was by birth an Italian noble, and at the time of his election was fifty-four years of age. He lived to be nearly eighty-six, and, consequently, as Pope, went through the convulsions of 1848, saw the Triumvirate ruling a Roman Republic in 1849, accepted the protection of France, saw Napoleon III join Victor Emmanuel in driving the Austrians out of Lombardy (1859), saw Garibaldi driving the Bourbons out of Sicily and Naples, saw Cavour first and then Napoleon III, avert Garibaldi's assault upon Rome, saw the Austrians expelled from Venetia by Bismarck's diplomacy rather than by the arms of Victor Emmanuel, and finally, thanks to Bismarck's attack on France in 1870, saw "Italy march into Rome".

It is only with the first eighteen months of this amazingly interesting reign that the present volume deals. During those months there was, perhaps, a chance that the hopes of the *Neo-Guelphs* might be realized; that a "reformed and reforming Papacy" might put itself at the head of the *Risorgimento*, and that Italian unification under the House of Savoy might be at least preceded, if not permanently anticipated, by an Italian Federation under the Papacy. The new Pope's administration of the See of Imola had earned him the reputation of a liberal reformer: Italian liberals, consequently, hailed his election with great enthusiasm, and saw in him (as Thayer has well said) "the Messiah whose coming had been foretold by the prophet Gioberti". But Metternich was right, "a liberal Pope", he said, "is a contradiction in terms". Pio Nono began well, but cautiously: he issued an amnesty, effected many administrative improvements, and appointed commissions to examine the possibility of more radical reforms. But as early as 1847 D'Azeglio had despaired of a real reform emanating from the Papacy. "I am convinced", he wrote, "that the magic of Pio Nono will not last. He is an angel, but he is surrounded by demons . . . he will not be able to overcome the obstacles".

It was too true; and the present volume is mainly occupied by a detailed demonstration of its truth. Pius's problem was, of course, how to combine liberal reform with Papal supremacy and security for the Catholic Church. His solution was embodied in his *Consulta* of 1847. With that *Consulta*, and with the end of Pope Pius IX's reforming period the present volume closes.

The authors may be cordially congratulated on an admirable piece of historical research.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Brahms

His Life and Work

by KARL GEIRINGER

"This is the best existing book on Brahms. Not only has the author had access to a mass of new material in the shape of hitherto unpublished letters, but he has known how to assemble it in an interesting and readable form . . . It is impossible not to respect his judgment, either of the man or of the music, to which ample space is devoted." Edward Sackville West in the *New Statesman*.

"However well-informed readers may be they will learn something from this fine study." *Manchester Guardian*.

Illustrated. 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd.

ABINGER HARVEST, by E. M. Forster. *Arnold.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

ONE sometimes forms the disquieting opinion about critics that they have public selves and private selves, both equally veracious—as if a judge condemned a man in the morning with stern words, and in the evening told his friends that he was really very sorry for the poor devil and would have liked to let him go free. This public acceptance of traditional values, combined with a private disquietude about the same values, marks off the original critic, like Roger Fry (to whom, in one essay, Mr. Forster pays a fine tribute in this book) from the conventional critic whose name is legion. Mr. Forster himself is a man who shows in this book, *Abinger Harvest*, that he has only one self, a personal self, highly critical of all accepted ideas, and a good deal of the undertone of melancholy in all his writing comes from the fact that he is more often puzzled and troubled than pleased with things as they are. His detachment is that of the man on the fence who smiles and shakes his head for the most part of the day and only very occasionally comes down to take up a position in the field.

He is definitely a man who has grown old among dreams,

> A weather-worn marble Triton
> Among the streams,

disillusioned by the war and the after-war, nearer, he says, to the unbelief of Proust than to the faith of Dante. There comes from this, itself already a traditional attitude, an undoubted elegance and charm; it has led him to write of a great diversity of subjects—Eliot, Ronald Firbank, Wembley, Jane Austen, The Consolations of History, Mrs. Hannah More, The English Character—and of many out-of-the-way subjects, such as Gemisthus Pleto, Cardan, Voltaire's Laboratory, The Emperor Babur; and it has given a mild astringency to everything he writes, as well as great compassion, and an abraded cynicism. It has also made his essays on *Books*, and *The Past*, more vital than his essays on *The Present*. By nature a novelist, equivocal and reticent—like Conrad, whose reticence he can admire—he is confirmed in his affection for inconclusions by this fundamental mood of disillusion, he is more emphatic in his dislikes than in his credos, and is more than kind (e.g., his essay on Sinclair Lewis or Howard Sturgis) in all his judgments. So, all will enjoy him for his incidental commentary, so shrewd, so serene, so wise (he is very wise—irreverently one feels like calling him "an old bird"); all will be pleased by his gentle tilting at various public enemies, from the humour of *Punch* to the "healthy" Englishman; and since he enjoys pulling his own leg he pre-empts all disagreement—an urbane and stoical companion. With a more forceful writer we might go farther but fare worse; we are sure of this guide, while we have him.

Not that there isn't punch enough in such comments as these. On Lewis:—"Neither for good nor evil is he lifted above his theme; he is neither a poet nor a preacher, but a fellow with a camera a few yards away". On Conrad, something that could never be said of his own essays—"These essays do suggest that he is misty in the middle as well as at the edges, that the secret casket of his genius contains a vapour rather than a jewel". On the English character:—"English literature is a flying fish. It is a sample of the life that goes on beneath the surface; a proof that beauty and emotion exist in the salt, inhospitable sea". When I say that there are scores of these conclusions embedded in the book I may convey a little of its great quality and charm. His essays are truly *essais*. He adumbrates; but always with touches of absolute precision.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

THE GALLIPOLI TRAGEDY

By GERALD BULLETT.

GALLIPOLI: THE FADING VISION, by John North. *Faber & Faber.* 15*s.*

I DO not pretend to have read all or most of the many books that have been written concerning the Gallipoli campaign; but it would surprise me to learn that there exists any other record at once so vivid, so detailed, so fully authenticated, and so disinterested, as this of Mr. North's. The author has saturated himself in the literature of the subject, and he has the advantage of all predecessors in this field in having had access to many sources of new evidence, mostly, one gathers, in the form of personal diaries and living memories. But, what is far more to the point, he brings to his task, not only high literary skill and acute critical intelligence, but a greatness of mind which enables him to rise, at chosen moments, without effort or selfconsciousness, from the patient marshalling of facts to the height of his great argument. From the moment when he set foot "on the waste soil of that lonely bay," in the autumn of 1926, the Peninsula has held him in thrall. He tells us how that evening, as the ship still lay at anchor in Kilia Liman, he leaned over the deck-rail and with a sense of personal loss "watched darkness descend on the hills of Gallipoli." In that moment, one conjectures, the seed of this book fell into the womb of his mind, whence, after a nine years' gestation, during which period he made himself master of the subject as no one had done before him, it was triumphantly delivered.

The story Mr. North has to tell occupies some three hundred and sixty pages; and to present an adequate synopsis of it is beyond the power of the present reviewer. Nor have I any wish to save the reader the trouble, or seduce him from the pleasure, of reading the book for himself. It is now, I suppose, generally agreed that the name Gallipoli represents one of the most brilliant conceptions, and quite the most grossly mishandled campaign, in all military history. Mistakes are made in every campaign: to imagine that everything will in fact proceed precisely according to plan is to cry for the moon. But as a record of muddle and incompetence and incoordination, as an example of human lives being wantonly sacrificed to the imbecility and pigheadedness of men in high places, Gallipoli is unique. Attacks were mistimed; necessary liaisons were never effected; reinforcements were withheld; ammunition and supplies were lacking. All that the local commanders could rely upon was the heroic spirit of their own officers and men; elsewhere, treachery and stupidity held the field. Mr. North spares us none of it. In his introductory chapter he remarks: "I am perturbed to realize that many of the distinguished personages who will figure in these pages are hardly likely to adorn them." Well, if he is perturbed, he manages to conceal his perturbation: his comments at times have an urbanity worthy of Gibbon himself. His ironies are so quiet that they do their lethal work for the most part unnoticed, except by the vigilant reader. And even in his moments of plainest speaking he retains a certain blandness of demeanour which is the distinguishing mark of his style. A sufficient *raison d'etre* for his book, he suggests

is that Gallipoli will always remain one

of the greatest stories of the world; but should any reader demand a grimmer and more fashionable motive, he is at liberty to believe that some useful purpose may be served by contrasting the sufferings and the heroisms of the "simple soldier" with the almost superhuman inadequacy of his political and military leaders—particularly on the home front. The man in the ranks was always a generous critic of his own generals; but I have never understood how politicians who, in wartime, persist in their politics, miss being strung up on lamp-posts when the soldiers get back from the wars.

And not politicians alone, one may add. Lord Fisher, bitterly resenting the activities of Mr. Winston Churchill, in whose brilliant military imagination the idea of the campaign was conceived, desired to be appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in his place, in order to have "absolutely untrammelled sole command of the sea forces". To this end he deliberately brought about a "wholesale crash" by resigning his office as First Sea Lord:

He locked himself in his rooms at the Admiralty, pulled down the blinds, and having announced that he would receive no government emissary, only pulled them apart in order to satisfy himself of the identity of any visitor. While he was locked in his room, Mr. Churchill unavailingly addressed a letter to him beginning, "The only thing to think of now is what is best for the country and for the brave men who are fighting"; and *the Prime Minister ordered him in the name of the King to return to his duty. He refused point-blank* . . .

If this last statement (which I have italicized) is true, it is pertinent to remark that any soldier on active service who refused to obey a command given in the name of the King was court-martialled and shot. I cannot think of a single good reason why this rule—without which, we were assured, the war could not be carried on—should have been suspended in favour of Lord Fisher. In wartime, executions, like charity, should begin at home.

BOUVARD AND PÉCUCHET, by Gustave Flaubert. Trans. by T. W. Earp and G. W. Stonier. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

FRENCH literature has always excelled in the exposure of intellectual folly and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* when it was first published, continued the traditions of Molière and Voltaire. Bouvard does for the comedy of the pursuit of knowledge—which indeed after two more generations of middle-class civilization has become farce—what Voltaire did in Candide for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The method, however, is vastly different. From a suave prose we pass to something drier, factual, laconic, to the abrupt transitions and grotesque contrasts of an animated catalogue. Flaubert seems to have anticipated that peculiar, sardonic modern humour which is built on taking things from their context, or on putting them next to impossible neighbours. And it is evident that in the course of the nine years he spent on the book and the lifetime's collecting of intellectual *sottises* which preceded it, Flaubert saw his satire on the bourgeois mind grow into a satire on the disinterested intellect itself. Hence, though the dimensions of his little men do not grow like the dimensions of, say, Quixote and the universal character they attain remains pedestrian, they are not crushed by the satirist's contempt. On the contrary, as Mr. Stonier suggests in his excellent introduction to this English translation, they become something like bowler-hatted saints, a Laurel and Hardy in apotheosis, amid the portentous folly of the learned. Flaubert's own preoccupation with the bourgeois had, as a late letter to his niece indicates, an element of something like nostalgia.

"They are in the right of it", he said, commenting on his own isolation. And even in this broad farce, one is conscious of a methodical coldness of intellect

satirising itself, of an almost wistful liking and warmth for the victims. He is not quite the writer who savaged the pathetic romanticism of Madame Bovary by reducing it, with a rather excessive meanness of observation, to a matter of snapping corset laces. The two copying clerks who go about their slapstick search and on every page reach funnier extremes of disaster and disillusion, are more generously regarded. One looks with a certain affection at the Bouvard in oneself. Open the book at any page :

> "The bees are an argument for monarchy.
>
> But the ants for the Republic",

and so they proceed to the Divine Right, counter that with Rousseau, appalled by Rousseau go on to Saint-Simon and the social paradise of Fourier :

> "The soul contains a dozen principal passions ; five egoistic, four animal, three distributive. They belong—the first to the individual, the next to groups, the last to groups of groups or series, the whole of which is a phalanx, a society of eighteen hundred persons, living in a palace.
>
> "Every morning carriages take the workmen into the country and bring them back in the evening. There are banners, festivals and cakes to eat. Every woman, if she likes, can have three men : a husband, a lover and the sire of her children. For bachelors dancing girls are provided.
>
> "'That would suit me!' said Bouvard. And he lost himself in dreams of the harmonized world."

The book was never completed and perhaps never could have been. To say this is, however, to suggest that the monotony of the catalogue has defeated the animation of the story and this is not so. Technically the book is a triumph in the liveliness of its stream of episodes. One wonders merely how so logical a stream can be said to swell and gather force. The two clerks are toughened and hardened by their adventures, but is there anything more to the scheme than that? Has not detachment, that amazing faculty for isolating facts which Flaubert had, left them drifting hopelessly in a river that will never come "somewhere safe to sea", but which will just go on and on? This English version is the first good translation we have had of the book whose delightfulness and extraordinary relevance to us now is discussed in Mr. Stonier's very intelligent introduction. His job has been an obvious labour of love.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA, by Ernest Hemingway. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

ONE had always felt uncomfortable doubts. Did Mr. Hemingway at heart belong to the same school as the late George Moore and the present Mr. Charles Morgan, the school who believe that style is something which you apply as decoration on top of your subject? Hitherto only the tiniest breaches have been visible between style and subject (Mr. Aldous Huxley was pilloried in *Death in the Afternoon* for spotting one of these) ; the tough subject has always matched the inarticulate style, which seemed at its best to have something in common with the anonymous poetry of the Border or of the railroad.

But a big game hunt in Tanganyika is hardly a tough subject. To go out with motor-car and lorries and camping equipment and trackers and white hunter and forty bearers and four dozen bottles of beer, with a licence to shoot just so many rhinos, so many kudus and sables, may be an agreeable and safe entertainment for a very wealthy man, but one would have expected an ironical treatment from the author of *Death in the Afternoon*. In bull fighting the danger increases with the skill of the matador ; but in big game hunting the little danger there may be comes from the bungled shot ; instead of "the moment of truth", the crisis of danger

and skill, there is only an acquisitive passion which has nothing to do with art, for you cannot tell from the ivory tusk in the lounge hall whether the kill was effected cleanly with a single shot or whether the wounded beast had to be trailed for miles and punctured in a dozen places.

Of course Mr. Hemingway makes a very readable book of this rich man's hobby. If, alone in some dismal little hotel in the shires, one found this solitary book, a record of big game hunting, and knowing nothing of Mr. Hemingway grimly began to read, one would find his narrative surprisingly exciting. He *has* written a better book than *The Man Eaters of Tsavo*. But one is aware all the time that his style has imprisoned him. It has forced him into a factitious violence quite unsuitable to the mechanised progress of his luxurious caravan along the roads of British East, and if a style does not make it easier for a man to write the truth it is valueless. "Droopy had no skinning knife and I had only a penknife to stick him with. I felt for the heart behind the foreleg with my fingers and feeling it beating under the hide slipped the knife in but it was short and pushed the heart away. I could feel it, hot and rubbery against my fingers, and feel the knife push it, but I felt around and cut the big artery and the blood came hot against my fingers." He is trying to dramatise himself as the tough man on insufficient evidence; any housewife has to be as tough as that over a rabbit.

No, this inadaptable style does not help Mr. Hemingway to tell the truth. The truth has to creep out between the lines: the truth of his peculiar sensitiveness to criticism and to ridicule; whenever he leaves his plain narrative for theory, for thought, for literary criticism ("I wondered if it would make a writer of him . . . if they sent Tom Wolfe to Siberia or the the Dry Tortugas. Maybe it would and maybe it wouldn't. He seemed sad, really, like Carnera. Tolstoy was a small man. Joyce was of medium height and he wore his eyes out . . .") he seems to be waiting nervously for mockery —"You were getting awfully profound" —by his companions, Pop or Poor Old Momma. One is aware of a dreadful shyness and discomfort, a fear of giving himself away. And there is a suggestion of social snobbery (not unexpected in a big game hunter who has himself snapped beside his dead rhino) in such descriptive phrases as "This was a better sky than Italy. The hell it was" taken in conjunction with his dedicatory remark: "There are always those not quite out of the top drawer who have an 'orrid fear of vulgarity."

GRAHAM GREENE.

NOW IS THE TIME

If you wish to keep abreast with Modern Thought and Affairs, you will find my catalogues extremely helpful.

Books for the Student and General Reader alike—all at BARGAIN PRICES.

Lists gratis.

THOMAS J. GASTON,
76 STRAND, W.C.2
Phone: TEM. 3048

LAKE TANA AND THE BLUE NILE, by Major R. E. Cheesman. *Macmillan.* 18*s*.

THE inspiration of *Lake Tana and the Blue Nile* and of the journeys of which it tells the tale was purely geographical, but the interest of the book itself is manifold. At a moment when an Italian army is encamped on the shores of the lake and the question of the future control of its waters is exercising many people's minds, the geographical interest has a special appeal.

We know that, at least as long ago as in the 11th century, belief was current that the owners of the lake could divert its waters and reduce Egypt to a desert. We also know that for some years past that belief has been exploded. But to what extent could the owners of the lake affect the prosperity of Egypt? How much of the water which flows out of the Nile Gorge and enters the Sudan actually comes from Tana and is susceptible of control at the exit from the lake? Major Cheesman's book throws much interesting and, to many people, new light on these questions.

The lake is a huge reservoir, and the Blue Nile an immense conduit. But the water which flows down that conduit comes from two catchment areas: not only from that which feeds the lake but also from a still larger one to the south which by innumerable streams and mountain torrents swells the volume of the Nile throughout the whole of its 400 mile course between the lake and the Sudan. Major Cheesman suggests the possibility that during its long journey through the torrid heat of the Nile Gorge comparatively little of the water emanating from the lake itself escapes evaporation and survives to swell the lower reaches of the river. One of the tasks he set himself was to find if and where there existed sites in the gorge which lent themselves to the construction of barrages for the control of water coming not only from the lake but from the lower catchment area as well. He found two such sites—neither of them, it is true, ideal—and his researches throw, as I have said, new and interesting light on the whole problem of Nile-control as far as Abyssinia is concerned. So much for the geographical aspect of the book and the political considerations which arise from it, although these are not actually raised or discussed by the author.

But the book has another side. To answer his self-imposed questions Major Cheesman carried out a vast amount of exploration. His journeys were spread over the period of eight years during which he was British Consul in South-West Ethiopia. They were arduous and often adventurous, and the fact that at the end of them there remained only fifteen miles of the Nile Gorge unseen by European eyes places him high in the ranks of modern explorers for which his earlier travels in Arabia had already qualified him. Throughout he brings to bear trained powers of observation, keen love of nature and a very genial human sympathy. Many people will find the greatest fascination in his description of Lake Tana itself, with its fish and fishermen, its primitive rafts and its lovely wooded islets on which is enshrined so much of the religious and historical lore of ancient Ethiopian civilization. But wherever he went his official work put him in contact with the great feudal chiefs and the accidents of daily life with priests and peasants, brigands and the wayfarers on whom they preyed. The picture which he paints of Abyssinia and its people, its birds and beasts and flowers, is one which he saw through shrewd and kindly eyes. It cannot fail to delight many to whom pure geography is dry diet and political considerations a vexation to the mind rigidly to be excluded from the leisure hour.

LAWRENCE ATHILL.

THE

DUBLIN REVIEW

1836—1936

THE issue of April, 1936 celebrates the centenary of the founding of the DUBLIN REVIEW in May, 1836 by Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in co-operation with Daniel O'Connell.

The centenary issue recalls the history of the DUBLIN REVIEW with a number of special articles. These include a reprint of the fully documented history of its first 60 years, written by Bishop Casartelli for the anniversary number in 1896; an article by Mrs. F. J. Sheed on the work of her grandfather and father, W. G. Ward and Wilfrid Ward, as editors of the DUBLIN REVIEW during many years; and an article by Rev. Henry Tristram of the Birmingham Oratory on Cardinal Newman and the DUBLIN REVIEW.

This issue also contains an important contribution by Canon John Fletcher, giving the results of his researches into the history of the Catholic Press in Great Britain during the past 150 years, with much new information concerning the titles, scope and dates of publication of many earlier ventures in the Catholic Press.

A complete index of all articles published in the DUBLIN REVIEW since its inception, with the contributor's name wherever it can be ascertained, is published separately in April as a special supplement of about 100 pages, for 3s. 6d.

BURNS OATES & WASHBOURNE

LIMITED

43 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

Price 3s. 6d. net. Yearly Subscription, 15s. Post Free.

THE SILVER FLEECE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Robert Collis. *Nelson.* 15*s.*

MONOGRAM, by G. B. Stern. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

ONE does rather wonder at times where all this autobiography is taking us. Rousseau, I suppose, began it with his "I am commencing an undertaking, hitherto without precedent, and which will never find an imitator. I desire to set before my fellows the likeness of a man in all the truth of nature, and that man myself". But the success of his venture was the measure of his failure (in this respect) as a prophet. What man has done man can do, and the itch to emulation was irresistible in this case more than most. Self-portrayal has flourished like the bay-tree, until in the last few years it has seemed to oust biography and even challenge the novel. Some commentators find deep significance in this phenomenon as the last flare-up of egotistic individualism before the floods of corporate Fascism or Communism steam-roller it out of existence. Others see it as sign of the (possibly related) inability of its authors to find satisfying expression in more objective forms, whether in art or—to make an invidious distinction—action.

What is quite certain is that it has led to the printing of a great deal of work of relatively minor interest and distinction. People of both less ambition and less ability than Rousseau have set their lives, or thoughts about their lives, upon paper, undoubtedly throwing light into curious and often engaging corners, but giving us more bread than sack, and more words than wisdom.

Both Mr. Collis's and Miss Stern's present volumes are rather favourable examples of this lesser variety of autobiography. Each has good stuff in it, well worth the reading, but mingled with more material which, if it seldom ceases to entertain and carry the eye and mind easily from paragraph to paragraph, is but the common change of average living, not especially illuminated or illuminating. Mr. Collis is Irish, ex-Rugby (a War-time schoolboy), ex-Cambridge, a Rugger International and a doctor, also—though this was but an episode and not typical of the whole man—ex-Buchmanite. He was in Dublin in 1916, at Twickenham in 1925, has twice visited America and once met Æ. He recalls amusing and revealing episodes with a gusto and forcefulness which do not exclude tenderness, making it plain that athletics are quite compatible with poetic sensitiveness, and while many readers will no doubt find their attention centred in his sporting and travel recollections, his best pages seem to me those which expound his sense of what it means to become and to be a physician—a healer of mankind.

Miss Stern is one of those good wines that need no bush. And her book has, it finally appears, beneath all its apparent formlessness, something of a form, or at least a direction; she has, as she says, beneath all the rag-bag content of her mind, her own King Charles's head—whose discovery, ten pages from the end, she tells us, comes, however, as a surprise even to herself. Meanwhile she has shaken out on to her pages quite haphazard, just as they came, the bits and pieces of her thoughts on all subjects under the sun, memories of places and people known and unknown, a darting, changing, episodic chronicle of what life is popularly supposed to be: just one thing after another. She has a very various, brilliant, and well-stocked mind, but her volume is really rather too literally about "anything I jolly well liked, anything I damn well pleased, in fact about anything". It gets the reader nowhere in particular, even in relation to Miss Stern, however much it may divert him on the way; it is simply autobiography run to seed.

GEOFFREY WEST.

SELECTED FICTION.

THE THINKING REED, by Rebecca West. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

COSMOPOLITANS, by Somerset Maugham. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE OLD MAN'S COMING, by Gustav Janson. *Lovat Dickson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

SPARKENBROKE, by Charles Morgan. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

I AM surprised that Mr. Charles Morgan's *Sparkenbroke* has not been "chosen" by the Book Society. It's their line, I should have thought; indeed, as I read it, the book seemed to me as though it might have been actually written by the Book Society, so perfectly did it combine the qualities of uplift, gentility and faded literary manners which attract our book of the month clubs and prize committees.

In a novel of this sort, which resembles the modern "period" furniture one sees in many shop windows—all oak and little mats and candlelight—it is difficult to know where parody begins. Is this, for example, a paragraph from Mr. Morgan's novel or from a skit, by Evoe perhaps, that might appear in *Punch*?

> From the first, and within her knowledge, this letter had been a ghost; she would never write it; but all the morning, as she went about her work in the house, she awakened and reawakened a fire in herself, that ran like an icy bracelet on her wrist, by pretending that the letter had indeed been written and that she would see Sparkenbroke no more. . . . When the darning was put away she rose, and having stripped herself and stung her body with cold water, put on fresh clothing, a white skirt, and a blouse of fine white linen, embroidered with a Hungarian design of rosemary flowers, and drawn in, below the hollow of her throat, by a cord of deeper blue. The darkly gleaming face of the oak chest in the hall was for an instant surprised by her whiteness; a convex mirr acknowledged her; a plane of sunligh in the open door threw back h shadow as she advanced, then let h go.

That is the atmosphere of Sparkenbrok House; the furniture, you will notic bows or betrays surprise when you wal into a room; unwritten letters a "ghosts", cold water "stings" th body to be clad afterwards in white and so it goes on through 550 page of melodrama, Meredithian dialogu hushed suspense, and Mr. Morgan inimitable prose. There is much r flection on the themes of Life, Lov Art, and Death; the hero is a poe peer, and I wish I had space to quot some of his verses, which Mr. Morga takes as seriously as does Lord Sparken broke. The whole effect is of a Amanda Ros, beautifully instead of ba barously written, cultured, pompou and from its first sentence as dead a doornails. Why the Book Society give it no more than a recommendation, don't know (*The Fountain* was starred I believe); their choice this month by luck or design, is an infinitely bette book, Miss Rebecca West's *The Thinkin Reed.*

Apart from unnecessary length, *Th Thinking Reed* is a good novel, alive witty, individual and intelligent a *Sparkenbroke* with all its thoughtfulnes never is. Miss Rebecca West describe with ironic sympathy the miseries o being rich; Isabelle, forsaking mon attractive lovers, marries Marc Salla franque, a plump, bounding, wealth French manufacturer, who reminds on of the delightful boss in Clair's *A nou la liberté.* They have little in common Isabelle is detached, curiously determine and intelligent in the American way

while Marc enjoys the exuberance of living. He feels miserable and drinks too many cocktails; in a gayer mood, he trips up the waiter and gives him a thousand franc note, or pats an old mistress on the behind without thinking, when they meet at a party. Isabelle enjoys his happiness, his love; her own feeling wavers between being in love herself and wondering how she ever came to marry him. Both are likeable people, vividly presented. Most of their friends are appalling: vacuous bores, old war horses in the society game, the ever-young of Cannes and Nice. We continually wonder why on earth two such pleasant persons, who can pick their friends, should submit to the horror and boredom of a crowded life. Miss West, by the way, portrays the nonentities of Paris and the Riviera with unrelenting brilliance; and in "Poots"—a whining, nasal Englishwoman who imposes her unattractiveness as a standard for others to live up to—she fixes a type which is as common in Torquay as in the Hotel Bristols of the South. Each appearance of Poots—Poots at dinner, Poots golfing or getting off—is as vivid as a cartoon. But Poots is only worth one slash; and that is true of some of the other characters who reappear, like animals in some zoo where one walks round and round, till chimp, camel and toucan bob up at the expected points. And when one has finished reading this novel, the question still remains: why do Isabelle and Marc go on ambling round the zoo of their acquaintances, why does Miss West devote 600 pages to their perambulation? It's not quite a fair question, and there's a good deal more in the book than that, but Miss West's method is epigrammatic, and brevity, I think should go with it. Nevertheless, *The Thinking Reed* is the best of these novels.

Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Cosmopolitans*—very brief stories, most of them anecdotes with conversation, told in the first person—is extraordinarily accomplished, and I enjoyed the dry flavour of Mr. Maugham's prose. No other novelist at the moment writes magazine stories so well, and the present collection suggests an odd combination of Harold Nicolson's *Some People* and Edgar Wallace's *Tales of a Steward*, done with Mr. Maugham's usual suavity. It is not so good, I may say, as the first, but better than the second. Each story has its setting, its characters, its point which comes like the click of the camera. Mr. Maugham really has the devilish efficiency which admirers once ascribed to Arnold Bennett.

The Old Man's Coming is Scandinavian family saga. Unlike English sagas of the Galsworthy-Brett Young type, it is both vivid and dramatic as well as comprehensive.

G. W. STONIER.

WHAT IS . . . ?

The Blackshirts' Attitude Towards . . .

THE JEWS.
RELIGION.

Why Do They . . .

Wear BLACKSHIRTS ?

What Will They Do About D.O.R.A.?

The Answers to all these and many other questions are all given in clear, concise and understandable language in:

FASCISM: 100 QUESTIONS ASKED AND ANSWERED

By OSWALD MOSLEY

ONE SHILLING

Published by B.U.F. Publications Ltd.

Obtainable from: Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons; Messrs. Wyman and from all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Frederick Hammond, who in the February issue summed up the lessons of the Hoare-Laval incident, again writes as a detached but keenly interested observer of the international situation, concerned with general principles. **Dr. Seton-Watson's** view, on the other hand, is that of the specialist. His probing of the motives behind the repudiation of the Locarno Treaty should be of great assistance to those who attended to Mr. Eden's exhortation to think deeply over its implications. It represents the considered view of one who has made a lifelong study of Central Europe and the Balkans, and who has lately returned from two countries deeply involved in the crisis, Austria and Czechoslovakia. He is Masaryk Professor of Central European History at London University, and has received honorary degrees from half a dozen Central European universities.

Sir Archibald Hurd wrote much in former years on naval and shipping questions in the FORTNIGHTLY, and now makes a welcome reappearance on a subject which occupies much of his thoughts. His anxiety for the future of British shipping inspired the publication in 1933 of *The Eclipse of British Sea Power*. He is managing editor of the *Shipping World* and was joint editor of *Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual*, 1922–28.

T. F. Tschiffely is a Swiss who had been schoolmastering in Argentina for years before he made his great ride from Buenos Aires to Washington. That story which, as he here tells, left the London publishers cold, afterwards made his name famous in two Continents. He is now about to publish *Bridle Paths*, the chronicle of a different kind of ride through the rural parts of England, and he has in the press a volume of Cunninghame Graham's short stories which he has edited, with the title *The Rodeo*.

Hilda Matheson was talks director to the B.B.C. from 1926 to 1932, and has published a book on broadcasting in the Home University Library. She is broadcasting correspondent of the *Observer*.

Lord Crewe has an hereditary interest in letters as the son of Monckton Milnes, the first Lord Houghton, whose name crops up continually in books on nineteenth century literature. His own public career, however, has been concerned almost entirely with politics. He was a member of every Liberal Government from 1905 till the War, leading his party in the Lords, and later served for six years as Ambassador in Paris.

Lord Strabolgi was in the Navy before he entered Parliament as a Liberal in 1919. He is now one of the most active of the small band of Labour Peers.

Walton Newbold is a member of the National Labour Party; sat on the Macmillan Committee on Finance and Industry, and has published *How Europe Armed for War*.

Alfred Fellows is a barrister and legal journalist, and, among other books published last year *The Law as to Gaming, Betting and Lotteries*.